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PREFACE

"Of the making of books there is no end", said Solomon, and when one considers the infinite variety presented in the vast treasures of English literature, the words of the wise king appear to have almost a special significance. For one is always tempted to cull some of the rich treasures and present them in a new attractive collection to the ever eager mind of the Indian student. Evidently such a selection has a two-fold function to perform. In the first place, it must enable the student to learn the English language through the writings of some of the greatest masters of English prose. Secondly, it must reveal to him, through some fine specimens, the real worth and charm of English literature, so that some interest and desire, nay, even a longing, for that literature may be created in his mind, and he may be ultimately inclined to go to the very fountain-head to satisfy his thirst and his curiosity. This double purpose has been in view in the preparation of the present selection.

English literature is such a vast and varied storehouse that the choice of representative English passages is quite a task to any editor. He cannot forget that the Indian student is brought up in an atmosphere totally alien from English culture, but he cannot, at the same time, ignore the fact that one cannot learn a foreign language and properly study its literature by holding fast to one's own culture. Hence he must choose passages which would both immediately appeal to the Indian student and be thoroughly representative of English literature.

Such passages from various English writers have been chosen here as would, by their universality, appeal to the Indian student and be, at the same time, unmistakably English. With a few exceptions, the writers are all undisputed masters of English prose. Hazlitt, George Elliot, Stevenson, Ruskin, Lucas and others are no doubt a gifted and blessed company and they will never fail to entertain and inspire the student with the magic of their style. Dr. Tagore's story, with its pathos and fine description, will move the student to enjoy the study of this poet writing in fine English prose, while Meadows Taylor's description of the initiation of a Thug will reveal a sordid chapter from Indian history, an account which reads almost like a detective story.

A glance at the contents will convince the teacher that the passages have been chosen as much for their literary form as for the beauty of the language therein. It is true that the pre-matriculation Indian student is not expected to study the various literary forms. But it is equally true that, as an advanced student, he should be able to discriminate between the various styles employed in different forms and thereby extract the greatest joy from his study of these passages. No student, for instance, if properly guided, will fail to notice in the three stories in this book three different types of story-telling, the poetic vein of Dr. Tagore, the mock-serious style of 'Q' and the humorous manner of P. G. Wodehouse; similarly, he will detect different methods employed in the narrative and the descriptive passages by their writers. The three character-studies—all three masterpieces in their own sphere—will specially attract the student by the rich variety they contain. The two scientific passages will provide a fine

relief by their lucid style and their humour suffusing the dryness of the subjects. Thus in learning the passages the student can see for himself why a passage has been chosen, and this will undoubtedly give him, under able guidance, a new insight into the study of literature.

In the preparation of the notes, questions and exercises, the student's needs have been considered, as always, of primary importance. It has been thought imprudent to exclude good passages from such a selection simply because they contain difficult references and words. That would be like refusing to take roses because the stems are prickly. Every school and teacher does not possess a ready reference library and, therefore, all references, difficult words and unusual terms of expression have been explained. Similarly, textual questions and composition exercises have been provided, suggesting to the student the manner in which he can approach the passages or the manner in which he may be examined on them. Grammar causes many a student heartburns, but grammatical exercises in this book, mainly based upon or suggested by the text itself, will make the study of grammar less irksome. A variety of grammar questions has been set so that, in studying the passages, the student may revise the whole of the grammar he is expected to know without feeling any undue burden. Both in textual notes and in questions an endeavour has been made to avoid spoon-feeding and to guide the student along the path of self-help. It is hoped that the present selection will enable him to approach English literature with a proper bias and an adequate grounding in the English language, without which nobody can enter into the spirit of any literature.

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MY LORD, THE BABY

[Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, the unofficial poet-laureate of India, was born in Bengal in 1861. Famous as a Bengali poet and novelist, he secured a world-wide reputation, when, in 1913, he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature for his *Gitanjali* (Song-offerings). Later, he established at Bolpur, near Calcutta, Vishwa-bharati, an international university, which has since become a great centre of culture and education. Tagore's is a versatile genius and his books include poems, songs, stories, novels, essays, philosophy, dramas, etc. The present story is taken from his excellent collection, *Hungry Stones and other Stories*.

Dr. Tagore is a great master of the short story. In 'My Lord, the Baby', he tells us the story of the tragedy of Raicharan, a domestic servant, who sacrifices everything, even his only son, to make up for the loss of his master's baby through his own negligence. Raicharan is naturally the central figure of the story and his character is very skilfully drawn. Tagore's work shows his great love for childhood and children and in this story we can notice besides—his wonderful insight into children's minds.]

RAICHARAN was twelve years old when he came as a servant to his master's house. He belonged to the same caste as his master, and was given his master's little son to nurse. As time went on the boy left Raicharan's arms to go to school. From school he went on to college, and after college he entered the judicial service. Always, until he married, Raicharan was his sole attendant.

But, when a mistress came into the house, Raicharan found two masters instead of one. All his former influence passed to the new mistress. This was compensated for by a fresh arrival. Anukul had a son born to him,

and Raicharan by his unsparing attentions soon got a complete hold over the child. He used to toss him up in his arms, call to him in absurd baby language, put his face close to the baby's and draw it away again with a grin.

Presently the child was able to crawl and cross the doorway. When Raicharan went to catch him, he would scream with mischievous laughter and make for safety. Raicharan was amazed at the profound skill and exact judgment the baby showed when pursued. He would say to his mistress with a look of awe and mystery: "Your son will be a judge some day."

New wonders came in their turn. When the baby began to toddle, that was to Raicharan an epoch in human history. When he called his father Ba-ba and his mother Ma-ma and Raicharan Chan-na, then Raicharan's ecstasy knew no bounds. He went out to tell the news to all the world.

After a while Raicharan was asked to show his ingenuity in other ways. He had, for instance, to play the part of a horse, holding the reins between his teeth and prancing with his feet. He had also to wrestle with his little charge, and if he could not, by a wrestler's trick, fall on his back defeated at the end, a great outcry was certain.

About this time Anukul was transferred to a district on the banks of the Padma. On his way through Calcutta he bought his son a little go-cart. He bought him also a yellow satin waistcoat, a gold-laced cap, and some gold bracelets and anklets. Raicharan was wont to take these out, and put them on his little charge with ceremonial pride, whenever they went for a walk.

Then came the rainy season, and day after day the

rain poured down in torrents. The hungry river, like an enormous serpent, swallowed down terraces, villages, cornfields, and covered with its flood the tall grasses and wild casuarinas on the sandbanks. From time to time there was a deep thud as the river-banks crumbled. The unceasing roar of the main current could be heard from far away. Masses of foam, carried swiftly past, proved to the eye the swiftness of the stream.

One afternoon the rain cleared. It was cloudy, but cool and bright. Raicharan's little despot did not want to stay in on such a fine afternoon. His lordship climbed into the go-cart. Raicharan, between the shafts, dragged him slowly along till he reached the rice-fields on the banks of the river. There was no one in the fields, and no boat on the stream. Across the water, on the farther side, the clouds were rifted in the west. The silent ceremonial of the setting sun was revealed in all its glowing splendour. In the midst of that stillness the child, all of a sudden, pointed with his finger in front of him and cried: "Chan-na! Pitty fow."

Close by on a mud-flat stood a large *Kadamba* tree in full flower. My lord, the baby, looked at it with greedy eyes, and Raicharan knew his meaning. Only a short time before he had made, out of these very flower balls, a small go-cart; and the child had been so entirely happy dragging it about with a string, that for the whole day Raicharan was not made to put on the reins at all. He was promoted from a horse into a groom.

But Raicharan had no wish that evening to go splashing knee-deep through the mud to reach the flowers. So he quickly pointed his finger in the opposite direction, calling out: "Oh, look, baby, look! Look at the bird." And with all sorts of curious noises he

pushed the go-cart rapidly away from the tree.

But a child, destined to be a judge, cannot be put off so easily. And besides, there was at the time nothing to attract his eyes. And you cannot keep up for ever the pretence of an imaginary bird.

The little Master's mind was made up, and Raicharan was at his wits' end. "Very well, baby," he said at last, "you sit still in the cart, and I'll go and get you the pretty flower. Only mind you don't go near the water."

As he said this, he made his legs bare to the knee, and waded through the oozing mud towards the tree.

The moment Raicharan had gone, his little Master went off at racing speed to the forbidden water. The baby saw the river rushing by, splashing and gurgling as it went. It seemed as though the disobedient wavelets themselves were running away from some greater Raicharan with the laughter of a thousand children. At the sight of their mischief, the heart of the human child grew excited and restless. He got down stealthily from the go-cart and toddled off towards the river. On his way he picked up a small stick, and leant over the bank of the stream pretending to fish. The mischievous fairies of the river with their mysterious voices seemed inviting him into their play-house.

Raicharan had plucked a handful of flowers from the tree, and was carrying them back in the end of his cloth, with his face wreathed in smiles. But when he reached the go-cart there was no one there. He looked on all sides and there was no one there. He looked back at the cart and there was no one there.

In that first terrible moment his blood froze within him. Before his eyes the whole universe swam round like a dark mist. From the depth of his broken heart

he gave one piercing cry: "Master, Master, little Master."

But no voice answered "Chan-na." No child laughed mischievously back: no scream of baby delight welcomed his return. Only the river ran on, with its splashing, gurgling noise as before,—as though it knew nothing at all, and had no time to attend to such a tiny human event as the death of a child.

As the evening passed by Raicharan's mistress became very anxious. She sent men out on all sides to search. They went with lanterns in their hands, and reached at last the banks of the Padma. There they found Raicharan rushing up and down the fields, like a stormy wind, shouting the cry of despair: "Master, Master, little Master!"

When they got Raicharan home at last, he fell prostrate at his mistress's feet. They shook him, and questioned him, and asked him repeatedly where he had left the child; but all he could say was that he knew nothing.

Though every one held the opinion that the Padma had swallowed the child, there was a lurking doubt left in the mind. For a band of gipsies had been noticed outside the village that afternoon, and some suspicion rested on them. The mother went so far in her wild grief as to think it possible that Raicharan himself had stolen the child. She called him aside with piteous entreaty and said: "Raicharan, give me back my baby. Oh! give me back my child. Take from me any money you ask, but give me back my child!"

Raicharan only beat his forehead in reply. His mistress ordered him out of the house.

Anukul tried to reason his wife out of this wholly

unjust suspicion: "Why on earth," he said, "should he commit such a crime as that?"

The mother only replied: "The baby had gold ornaments on his body. Who knows?"

It was impossible to reason with her after that.

II

Raicharan went back to his own village. Up to this time he had had no son, and there was no hope that any child would now be born to him. But it came about before the end of a year that his wife gave birth to a son and died.

An overwhelming resentment at first grew up in Raicharan's heart at the sight of this new baby. At the back of his mind was resentful suspicion that it had come as a usurper in place of the little Master. He also thought it would be a grave offence to be happy with a son of his own after what had happened to his master's little child. Indeed, if it had not been for a widowed sister, who mothered the new baby, it would not have lived long.

But a change gradually came over Raicharan's mind. A wonderful thing happened. This new baby in turn began to crawl about, and cross the doorway with mischief in its face. It also showed an amusing cleverness in making its escape to safety. Its voice, its sounds of laughter and tears, its gestures, were those of the little Master. On some days, when Raicharan listened to its crying, his heart suddenly began thumping wildly against his ribs, and it seemed to him that his former little Master was crying somewhere in the unknown land of death because he had lost his Chan-na.

Phailna (for that was the name Raicharan's sister

gave to the new baby) soon began to talk. It learnt to say Ba-ba and Ma-ma with a baby accent. When Raicharan heard those familiar sounds the mystery suddenly became clear. The little Master could not cast off the spell of his Chan-na, and therefore he had been reborn in his own house.

The arguments in favour of this were, to Raicharan, altogether beyond dispute:

(i) The new baby was born soon after his little master's death.

(ii) His wife could never have accumulated such merit as to give birth to a son in middle age.

(iii) The new baby walked with a toddle and called out Ba-ba and Ma-ma. There was no sign lacking which marked out the future judge.

Then suddenly Raicharan remembered that terrible accusation of the mother. "Ah," he said to himself with amazement, "the mother's heart was right. She knew I had stolen her child." When once he had come to this conclusion, he was filled with remorse for his past neglect. He now gave himself over, body and soul, to the new baby, and became its devoted attendant. He began to bring it up, as if it were the son of a rich man. He bought a go-cart, a yellow satin waistcoat, and a gold-embroidered cap. He melted down the ornaments of his dead wife, and made gold bangles and anklets. He refused to let the little child play with any one of the neighbourhood, and became himself its sole companion day and night. As the baby grew up to boyhood, he was so petted and spoilt and clad in such finery that the village children would call him "Your Lordship," and jeer at him; and older people regarded Raicharan as unaccountably crazy about the child.

At last the time came for the boy to go to school. Raicharan sold his small piece of land, and went to Calcutta. There he got employment with great difficulty as a servant, and sent Phailna to school. He spared no pains to give him the best education, the best clothes, the best food. Meanwhile he lived himself on a mere handful of rice, and would say in secret: "Ah! my little Master, my dear little Master, you loved me so much that you came back to my house. You shall never suffer from any neglect of mine."

Twelve years passed away in this manner. The boy was able to read and write well. He was bright and healthy and good-looking. He paid a great deal of attention to his personal appearance, and was specially careful in parting his hair. He was inclined to extravagance and finery, and spent money freely. He could never quite look on Raicharan as a father, because, though fatherly in affection, he had the manner of a servant. A further fault was this, that Raicharan kept secret from every one that himself was the father of the child.

The students of the hostel, where Phailna was a boarder, were greatly amused by Raicharan's country manners, and I have to confess that behind his father's back Phailna joined in their fun. But, in the bottom of their hearts, all the students loved the innocent and tender-hearted old man, and Phailna was very fond of him also. But, as I have said before, he loved him with a kind of condescension.

Raicharan grew older and older, and his employer was continually finding fault with him for his incompetent work. He had been starving himself for the boy's sake. So he had grown physically weak, and no

longer up to his work. He would forget things, and his mind became dull and stupid. But his employer expected a full servant's work out of him, and would not brook excuses. The money that Raicharan had brought with him from the sale of his land was exhausted. The boy was continually grumbling about his clothes, and asking for more money.

III

Raicharan made up his mind. He gave up the situation where he was working as a servant, and left some money with Phailna and said: "I have some business to do at home in my village, and shall be back soon."

He went off at once to Baraset where Anukul was magistrate. Anukul's wife was still broken down with grief. She had had no other child.

One day Anukul was resting after a long and weary day in court. His wife was buying, at an exorbitant price, a herb from a mendicant quack, which was said to ensure the birth of a child. A voice of greeting was heard in the courtyard. Anukul went out to see who was there. It was Raicharan. Anukul's heart was softened when he saw his old servant. He asked him many questions, and offered to take him back into service.

Raicharan smiled faintly, and said in reply: "I want to make obeisance to my mistress."

Anukul went with Raicharan into the house, where the mistress did not receive him as warmly as his old master. Raicharan took no notice of this, but folded his hands, and said: "It was not the Padma that stole your baby. It was I."

Anukul exclaimed: "Great God! Eh! What!

Where is he ? ”

Raicharan replied : “ He is with me. I will bring him the day after to-morrow.”

It was Sunday. There was no magistrate’s court sitting. Both husband and wife were looking expectantly along the road, waiting from early morning for Raicharan’s appearance. At ten o’clock he came, leading Phailna by the hand.

Anukul’s wife, without a question, took the boy into her lap, and was wild with excitement, sometimes laughing, sometimes weeping, touching him, kissing his hair and his forehead, and gazing into his face with hungry, eager eyes. The boy was very good-looking and dressed like a gentleman’s son. The heart of Anukul brimmed over with a sudden rush of affection.

Nevertheless the magistrate in him asked : “ Have you any proofs ? ”

Raicharan said : “ How could there be any proof of such a deed ? God alone knows that I stole your boy, and no one else in the world.”

When Anukul saw how eagerly his wife was clinging to the boy, he realised the futility of asking for proofs. It would be wiser to believe. And then—where could an old man like Raicharan get such a boy from ? And why should his faithful servant deceive him for nothing ?

“ But,” he added severely, “ Raicharan, you must not stay here.”

“ Where shall I go, Master ? ” said Raicharan, in a choking voice, folding his hands ; “ I am old. Who will take in an old man as a servant ? ”

The mistress said : “ Let him stay. My child will be pleased. I forgive him.”

But Anukul's magisterial conscience would not allow him. "No," he said, "he cannot be forgiven for what he has done."

Raicharan bowed to the ground, and clasped Anukul's feet. "Master," he cried, "let me stay. It was not I who did it. It was God."

Anukul's conscience was worse stricken than ever, when Raicharan tried to put the blame on God's shoulders.

"No," he said, "I could not allow it. I cannot trust you any more. You have done an act of treachery."

Raicharan rose to his feet and said: "It was not I who did it."

"Who was it then?" asked Anukul.

Raicharan replied: "It was my fate."

But no educated man could take this for an excuse. Anukul remained obdurate.

When Phailna saw that he was the wealthy magistrate's son, and not Raicharan's, he was angry at first, thinking that he had been cheated all this time of his birthright. But seeing Raicharan in distress, he generously said to his father: "Father, forgive him. Even if you don't let him live with us, let him have a small monthly pension."

After hearing this, Raicharan did not utter another word. He looked for the last time on the face of his son; he made obeisance to his old master and mistress. Then he went out, and was mingled with the numberless people of the world.

At the end of the month Anukul sent him some money to his village. But the money came back. There was no one there of the name of Raicharan.

—Rabindranath Tagore.

II

HUNTED BY BLOODHOUNDS

[Charles Reade (1814-1884) wrote a large number of dramas and successful novels. But he is remembered at present chiefly as the author of the famous historical romance, *The Cloister and the Hearth*. *The Cloister and the Hearth* is the story of Gerard whose mind is torn between two passions, his passion for a religious life and his love for Margaret Brandt, the daughter of a poor scholar. It is a very interesting story, skilfully told, full of thrills, dramatic situations and vivid scenes. 'Hunted by Bloodhounds' is an incident from the novel and it shows Reade's skill in keeping up the suspense and the reader's interest throughout the narrative.

Gerard is betrothed to Margaret, but his sworn enemy, Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, the burgomaster (mayor) of Tergon, tries to prevent him from marrying her. Gerard is thrown into prison, whence he escapes carrying with him documents which contain incriminating evidence against the burgomaster. Gerard, with Margaret and his faithful friend, Martin, is trying to leave the country and thus escape from his enemy who pursues him with bloodhounds and a party of his men.]

THE sun was peeping above the horizon as they crossed the stony field and made for the wood. They had crossed about half, when Margaret, who kept nervously looking back every now and then, uttered a cry, and, following her instinct, began to run towards the wood, screaming with terror all the way.

Ghysbrecht and his men were in hot pursuit. Resistance would have been madness. Martin and Gerard followed Margaret's example. The pursuers gained slightly on them; but Martin kept shouting, "Only win the wood! only win the wood!"

They had too good a start for the men on foot, and their hearts bounded with hope at Martin's words.

But an unforeseen danger attacked them. The fiery old burgomaster flung himself on his mule, and, spurring him to a gallop, he headed not his own men only, but the fugitives. His object was to cut them off. The old man came galloping in a semicircle, and got on the edge of the wood, right in front of Gerard; the others might escape for aught he cared.

Instead of attempting to dodge him, as the burgomaster made sure he would, Gerard flew right at him, with a savage, exulting cry, and struck at him with all his heart and soul and strength. The oak staff came down on Ghysbrecht's face with a frightful crash, and laid him under his mule's tail beating the devil's tattoo with his heels, his face streaming, and his collar spattered with blood.

The next moment, the three were in the wood. The yell of dismay and vengeance that burst from Ghysbrecht's men at that terrible blow which felled their leader told the fugitives that it was now a race for life or death.

"Why run?" cried Gerard, panting. "You have your bow, and I have this," and he shook his bloody staff.

"Boy!" roared Martin; "the GALLOWES! Follow me," and he fled into the wood. Soon they heard a cry like a pack of hounds opening on sight of the game. The men were in the wood, and saw them flitting amongst the trees. Margaret moaned and panted as she ran; and Gerard clenched his teeth and grasped his staff. The next minute they came to a stiff hazel coppice. Martin dashed into it, and shouldered the young wood aside as if it were standing corn.

Ere they had gone fifty yards in it they came to four blind paths.

Martin took one. "Bend low," said he. And, half-creeping, they glided along. Presently their path was again intersected with other little tortuous paths. They took one of them. It seemed to lead back; but it soon took a turn, and, after a while, brought them to a thick pine grove, where the walking was good and hard. There were no paths here; and the young fir-trees were so thick, you could not see three yards before your nose.

When they had gone some way in this, Martin sat down; and, having learned in war to lose all impression of danger with the danger itself, took a piece of bread and a slice of ham out of his wallet, and began quietly to eat his breakfast.

The young ones looked at him with dismay.

"Hush!" said Martin sometime afterwards. "I can't hear for your chat."

"What is it?"

"Do you hear nothing, Margaret? My ears are getting old."

Margaret listened, and presently she heard a tuneful sound, like a single stroke upon a deep ringing bell. She described it so to Martin.

"Nay, I heard it," said he.

"And so did I," said Gerard; "it was beautiful. Ah! there it is again. How sweetly it blends with the air. It is a long way off. It is before us, is it not?"

"No, no! the echoes of this wood confound the ear of a stranger. It comes from the pine grove."

"Why, Martin, is this *anything*?" asked Gerard. "You look pale."

"Wonderful!" said Martin, with a sickly sneer. "He

asks me is it *anything*? Come, on, on! at any rate, let us reach a better place than this."

"A better place—for what?"

"To stand at bay, Gerard," said Martin gravely; "and die like soldiers, killing three for one."

"What's that sound?"

"IT IS THE AVENGER OF BLOOD."

"Oh, Martin, save him! Oh, Heaven be merciful! What new mysterious peril is this?"

"GIRL, IT'S A BLOODHOUND."

* * * *

Martin's courage was perfect as far as it went. He had met and baffled many dangers in the course of his rude life, and these familiar dangers he could face with Spartan fortitude, almost with indifference; but he had never been hunted by a bloodhound, nor had he ever seen that brute's unerring instinct baffled by human cunning. After going a few steps, he leaned on his bow, and energy and hope oozed out of him.

"Alas! good Martin," cried Gerard, "despair not so quickly; there must be some way to escape."

"Oh, Martin!" cried Margaret, "what if we were to part company? Gerard's life alone is forfeit. Is there no way to draw the pursuit on us twain and let him go safe?"

"Girl, you know not the bloodhound's nature. He is not on this man's track or that; he is on the track of blood. My life on't they have taken him to where Ghysbrecht fell, and from the dead man's blood to the man that shed it that cursed hound will lead them, though Gerard should run through an army or swim the Meuse." And again he leaned upon his bow and his

head sank.

"Come, be a man!" said Margaret, "and let this end. Take us to some thick place, where numbers will not avail our foes."

"I am going," said Martin sulkily. "Hurry avails not: we cannot shun the hound, and the place is hard by." Then turning to the left, he led the way, as men go to execution.

He soon brought them to a thick hazel coppice. "What are we to do now?" asked Gerard.

"Get through this, and wait on the other side; and then, as they come straggling through, shoot three, knock two on the head, and the rest will kill us."

"Is that all you can think of?" said Gerard.

"That is all."

"Then, Martin Wittenhaagen, I take the lead, for you have lost your head. Now do as you see me do," said Gerard; and drawing his huge knife, he cut at every step a hazel shoot or two close by the ground, and turning round twisted them breast-high behind him among the standing shoots. Martin did the same, but with a dogged hopeless air. When they had thus painfully travelled through the greater part of the coppice, the bloodhound's deep bay came nearer and nearer, less and less musical, louder and sterner.

Margaret trembled.

Martin went down on his stomach and listened.

"I hear a horse's-feet."

"No," said Gerard; "I doubt it is a mule's. That cursed Ghysbrecht is still alive: none other would follow me up so bitterly."

"Never strike your enemy but to slay him," said Martin gloomily.

"I'll hit harder this time, if Heaven gives me the chance," said Gerard.

At last they worked through the coppice, and there was an open wood. The trees were large, but far apart, and no escape possible that way.

And now with the hound's bay mingled a score of voices, hooping and hallooing.

"The whole village is out after us," said Martin.

"I care not," said Gerard. "Listen, Martin. I have made the track smooth to the dog, but rough to the men, that we may deal with them apart. Thus the hound will gain on the men, and as soon as he comes out of the coppice we must kill him."

"The hound? There are more than one."

"Then we must kill two instead of one. The moment they are dead, into the coppice again, and go right back."

"That is a good thought, Gerard," said Martin, plucking up heart.

"Hush! the men are in the wood."

Gerard now gave his orders in a whisper.

"Stand you with your bow by the side of the coppice—there, in the ditch. I will go but a few yards to yon oak-tree, and hide behind it; the dogs will follow me, and, as they come out, shoot as many as you can; the rest will I brain as they come round the tree."

Martin's eye flashed. They took up their places.

The hooping and hallooing came closer and closer, and soon even the rustling of the young wood was heard, and every now and then the unerring bloodhound gave a single bay.

It was terrible! the branches rustling nearer and nearer, and the inevitable struggle for life and death

coming on minute by minute, and that death-knell leading it. A trembling hand was laid on Gerard's shoulder. It made him start violently, strung up as he was.

"Martin says if we are forced to part company, make for that high ash-tree we came in by."

"Yes! yes! yes! but go back for Heaven's sake! don't come here, all out in the open!"

She ran back towards Martin; but, ere she could get to him, suddenly a huge dog burst out of the coppice, and stood erect a moment. Margaret cowered with fear, but he never noticed her. Scarcely was to him what sight is to us. He lowered his nose an instant, and the next moment, with an awful yell, sprang straight at Gerard's tree, and rolled head-over-heels dead as a stone, literally spitted by an arrow from the bow that twanged beside the coppice in Martin's hand. That same moment out came another hound and smelt his dead comrade. Gerard rushed out at him; but ere he could use his cudgel, a streak of white lightning seemed to strike the hound and he grovelled in the dust, wounded desperately, but not killed, and howling piteously.

Gerard had not time to despatch him: the coppice rustled too near: it seemed alive. Pointing wildly to Martin to go back, Gerard ran a few yards to the right, then crept cautiously into the thick coppice just as three men burst out. These had headed their comrades considerably: the rest were following at various distances. Gerard crawled back almost on all-fours. Instinct taught Martin and Margaret to do the same upon their line of retreat. Thus, within the distance of a few yards, the pursuers and pursued were passing one another upon opposite tracks.

A loud cry announced the discovery of the dead and

the wounded hound. Then followed a babble of voices, still swelling as fresh pursuers reached the spot. The hunters, as usual on a surprise, were wasting time, and the hunted ones were making the most of it.

"I hear no more hounds," whispered Martin to Margaret, and he was himself again.

It was Margaret's turn to tremble and despair.

"Oh, why did we part with Gerard? They will kill my Gerard, and I not near him."

"Nay, nay! the head to catch him is not on their shoulders. You bade him meet us at the ash-tree?"

"And so I did. Bless you, Martin, for thinking of that. To the ash-tree!"

"Ay! but with less noise."

They were now nearly at the edge of the coppice, when suddenly they heard hooping and hallooing behind them.

"No matter," whispered Martin to his trembling companion. "We shall have time to win clear and slip out of sight by hard running. Ah!"

He stooped suddenly; for just as he was going to burst out of the brushwood, his eye caught a figure keeping sentinel. It was Ghysbrecht Van Swieten seated on his mule; a bloody bandage was across his nose, the bridge of which was broken; but over this his eyes peered keenly, and it was plain by their expression he had heard the fugitives rustle, and was looking out for them.

The bow was raised, and the deadly arrow steadily drawn to its head, when at that moment an active figure leaped on Ghysbrecht from behind so swiftly, it was like a hawk swooping on a pigeon. A kerchief went over the burgomaster, in a turn of the hand his head

was muffled in it, and he was whirled from his seat and fell heavily upon the ground, where he lay groaning with terror; and Gerard jumped down after him.

"Hist, Martin! Martin!"

Martin and Margaret came out, the former open-mouthed, crying, "Now fly! fly! while they are all in the thicket; we are saved."

In a moment Martin was on Ghysbrecht's mule, and Gerard raised the fainting girl in his arms and placed her on the saddle, and relieved Martin of his bow.

"Now, have you got her firm? Then fly! for our lives! for our lives!"

But even as the mule, urged suddenly by Martin's heel, scattered the flints with his hind hoofs ere he got into a canter, and even as Gerard withdrew his foot from Ghysbrecht's throat to run, Dierich Brower and his five men, who had come back for orders and heard the burgomaster's cries, burst roaring out of the coppice on them.

Confused for a moment, like lions that miss their spring, Dierich and his men let Gerard and the mule put ten yards between them. Then they flew after with uplifted weapons. They were sure of catching them; for this was not the first time the parties had measured speed. In the open ground they had gained visibly on the three this morning, and now, at last, it was a fair race again, to be settled by speed alone. A hundred yards were covered in no time. Yet still there remained these ten yards between the pursuers and the pursued.

This increase of speed since the morning puzzled Dierich Brower. The reason was this. When three run in company, the pace is that of the slowest of the three. From Peter's house to the edge of the forest Gerard ran

Margaret's pace ; but now he ran his own ; for the mule was fleet, and could have left them all far behind. Moreover, youth and chaste living began to tell. Daylight grew imperceptibly between the hunted ones and the hunters. Then Dierich made a desperate effort, and gained two yards ; but in a few seconds Gerard had stolen them quietly back. The pursuers began to curse.

Martin heard, and his face lighted up. "Courage, Gerard ! courage, brave lad ! they are straggling."

It was so. Dierich was now headed by one of his men, and another dropped into the rear altogether.

They came to a rising ground, not sharp, but long ; and here youth, and grit, and sober living told more than ever.

Ere he reached the top, Dierich's forty years weighed him down like forty bullets. "Our cake is dough," he gasped. "Take him dead, if you can't alive !"; and he left running, and followed at a foot's pace. Jorian Ketel tailed off next ; and then another, and so, one by one, Gerard ran them all to a standstill. They stood cursing watching him quickly vanishing in the distance.

—*Charles Reade.*

III

THE FLOOD

[George Eliot (1819-80) is the nom-de-plume of the great English woman novelist, Marian Evans. Brought up in a very religious family, George Eliot started her literary career by becoming, rather late in life, a contributor and then the assistant editor of the *Westminster Review*. She wrote only a few novels; still many of them, viz., *Silas Marner*, *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss* and *Romola*, occupy a very high place in English literature. Her deep religious feeling, high moral sense, unforgettable great characters and a noble style are some of the qualities which make George Eliot a great novelist.

The Mill on the Floss, from which the present passage has been taken, is considered to be her greatest novel. It is the history of Tom Tulliver, a prosaic fellow, and his sister Maggie, a noble and intelligent girl, of artistic and poetic tastes. The narrow-minded brother has driven away Maggie from home and she has sought shelter in a friend's house. Then a great flood comes and threatens the entire village, and Maggie's first thought is not of her own safety, but of her brother and mother, helplessly trapped by the flood in the mill. Here in this passage, the novelist brings out all the nobility and heroic spirit of Maggie. Herself in a very poor state of health, she rescues her brother, only to be reconciled to and united with him in death. It is a noble picture of the spirit of forgiveness and selfless love.]

TOM TULLIVER eventually achieved his ambition, and became master at Dorlcote Mill.

But unfortunately a serious misunderstanding arose between him and his sister; and she lived apart from him, lodging in an old riverside house occupied by a certain Bob Jakin, whom the Tullivers had known from their days of childhood.

One September night, Maggie was sitting up late in her lonely room, and was seriously thinking over her situation.

It was past midnight, and the rain was beating heavily against the window, driven with fitful force by the rushing, loud-moaning wind.

In the counties higher up the Floss the rains had been continuous, and the completion of the harvest had been arrested. And now, for the last two days, the rains on this lower course of the river had been incessant, so that the old men had shaken their heads and talked of sixty years ago, when the same sort of weather, happening about the equinox, brought on the great floods, which swept the bridge away, and reduced the town to misery.

But the younger generation, who had seen several small floods, thought lightly of these sombre recollections and forebodings, and Bob Jakin laughed at his mother when she regretted their having taken a house by the riverside.

But all were in their beds now, for it was past midnight—all except some solitary watchers such as Maggie.

Suddenly she felt a startling sensation of cold about her feet; it was water flowing under her. She started up; the stream was flowing under the door that led into the passage. She was not bewildered for an instant; she knew it was the flood!

She hurried with the candle upstairs to Bob Jakin's bedroom. The door was a-jar; she went in and shook him by the shoulder.

"Bob, the flood is come! It is in the house! Let us see if we can make the boats safe."

She lighted his candle, while Bob's wife, snatching

up her baby, burst into screams; and then she hurried down again to see if the waters were rising fast. There was a step down into the room at the door leading from the staircase: she saw that the water was already on a level with the step. While she was looking, something came with a tremendous crash against the window, and sent the leaded panes and the old wooden framework inwards in shivers, the water pouring in after it.

"It is the boat!" cried Maggie. "Bob, come down to get the boats!"

And without a moment's shudder of fear, she plunged through the water, which was rising fast to her knees, and by the glimmering light of the candle she had left on the stairs, she mounted on to the window-sill and crept into the boat, which was left with the prow lodging and protruding through the window. Bob was not long after her, hurrying without shoes or stockings, but with the lanthorn in his hand.

"Why, they're both here—both the boats," said Bob, as he got into the one where Maggie was. "It's wonderful this fastening isn't broke too, as well as the mooring."

In the excitement of getting into the other boat, unfastening it, and mastering an oar, Bob was not struck with the danger Maggie incurred. The fact that she had been up, had waked him, and had taken the lead in activity, gave Bob a vague impression of her as one who would help to protect, not need to be protected. She, too, had got possession of an oar, and had pushed off, so as to release the boat from the overhanging window-frame.

"The water's rising so fast," said Bob, "I doubt it'll be in at the chambers before long—th' house is so low.

I've more mind to get Prissy and the child and the mother into the boat, if I could, and trusten to the water, for th' old house is none so safe. And if I let go the boat—— But you," he exclaimed, suddenly lifting the light of his lanthorn on Maggie, as she stood in the rain with the oar in her hand and her black hair streaming.

Maggie had no time to answer, for a new tidal current swept along the line of the houses, and drove both the boats out on to the wide water, with a force that carried them far past the meeting current of the river.

In the first moments Maggie felt nothing, thought of nothing. The whole thing had been so rapid—so dream-like—that the threads of ordinary association were broken. She sank down on the seat clutching the oar mechanically, and for a long while had no distinct conception of her position. The first thing that waked her to fuller consciousness was the cessation of the rain; and a perception that the darkness was divided by the faintest light, which parted the overhanging gloom from the immeasurable watery level below. She was driven out upon the flood—that awful visitation of God which her father used to talk of—which had made the nightmare of her childish dreams. And with that thought there rushed in the vision of the old home—and Tom—and her mother. They had all listened together.

"O God, where am I? Which is the way home?" she cried out, in the dim loneliness.

What was happening to them at the mill? The flood had once nearly destroyed it. They might be in danger; in distress, her mother and her brother, alone there, beyond reach of help! Her whole soul was strained now on that thought; and she saw the long-loved faces looking for help into the darkness, and finding none.

She was floating in smooth water now—perhaps far on the over-flooded fields. There was no sense of present danger to check the outgoing of her mind to the old home; and she strained her eyes against the curtain of gloom, that she might seize the first sight of her whereabouts—that she might catch some faint suggestion of the spot towards which all her anxieties tended.

Oh, how welcome the widening of that dismal watery level—the gradual uplifting of the cloudy firmament—the slowly defining blackness of objects above the glassy dark! Yes, she must be out on the fields: those were the tops of hedgerow trees. Which way did the river lie? Looking behind her, she saw the lines of black trees; looking before her there were none. Then the river lay before her. She seized an oar and began to paddle the boat forward with the energy of wakening hope. The dawning began to advance more swiftly, now she was in action; and she could soon see the poor dumb beasts crowding piteously on a mound where they had taken refuge. Onward she paddled and rowed by turns in the growing twilight; her wet clothes clung round her, and her streaming hair was dashed about by the wind, but she was hardly conscious of any bodily sensations, except a sensation of strength, inspired by mighty emotion.

Along with the sense of danger and possible rescue for those long-remembered beings at the old home there was an undefined sense of reconciliation with her brother. What quarrel, what harshness, what unbelief in each other can subsist in the presence of a great calamity, when all the artificial vesture of our life is gone, and we are all one with each other in primitive mortal needs? Vaguely Maggie felt this, in the strong

resurgent love towards her brother that swept away all the later impressions of hard, cruel offence and misunderstanding, and left only the deep, underlying, unshakable memories of early union.

She must get her boat into the current of the Floss, else she would never be able to pass the Ripple and approach the house; this was the thought that occurred to her as she imagined with more and more vividness the state of things round the old home. But then she might be carried very far down, and be unable to guide her boat out of the current again. For the first time distinct ideas of danger began to press upon her; but there was no choice of courses, no room for hesitation, and she floated into the current. Swiftly she went now, without effort; more and more clearly in the lessening distance and the growing light she began to discern the objects that she knew must be the well-known trees and roofs; nay, she was not far off a rushing, muddy current that must be the strangely altered Ripple.

There were floating masses in it, that might dash against her boat as she passed, and cause her to perish too soon. What were those masses?

For the first time Maggie's heart began to beat in an agony of dread. She sat helpless, dimly conscious that she was being floated along, more intensely conscious of the anticipated clash. But the horror was transient: it passed away before the oncoming warehouses of St. Ogg's. She had passed the mouth of the Ripple, then; now she must use all her skill and power to manage the boat and get it, if possible, out of the current. She could see now that the bridge was broken down; she could see the masts of a stranded vessel far out over the watery field. But no boats were to be seen moving

on the river: such as had been laid hands on were employed in the flooded streets.

With new resolution Maggie seized her oar, and stood up again to paddle; but the new ebbing tide added to the swiftness of the river, and she was carried along beyond the bridge. She could hear shouts from the windows overlooking the river, as if the people there were calling to her. It was not till she had passed on nearly to Tofton that she could get the boat clear of the current.

Then with one yearning look towards her uncle Deane's house, that lay farther down the river, she took to both her oars and rowed with all her might across the watery fields, back towards the mill. Colour was beginning to awake now, and as she approached the Dorlcote fields she could discern the tints of the trees—could see the old Scotch firs far to the right, and the home chestnuts. Oh! how deep they lay in the water—deeper than the trees on this side the hill. And the roof of the mill—where was it? Those heavy fragments hurrying down the Ripple—what had they meant? But it was not the house: the house stood firm—drowned up to the first storey, but still firm; or was it broken in at the end towards the mill?

With panting joy that she was there at last—joy that overcame all distress—Maggie neared the front of the house. At first she heard no sound, she saw no object moving. Her boat was on a level with the upstairs windows. She called out in a loud, piercing voice,

"Tom, where are you? Mother, where are you? Here is Maggie!"

Soon, from the window of the attic in the central gable, she heard Tom's voice.

"Who is it? Have you brought a boat?"

"It is I, Tom—Maggie. Where is mother?"

"She is not here; she went to aunt's at Garum the day before yesterday. I'll come to the lower window."

"Alone, Maggie?" said Tom, in a voice of deep astonishment, as he opened the middle window on a level with the boat.

"Yes, Tom. God has taken care of me, to bring me to you. Get in quickly. Is there no one else?"

"No," said Tom, stepping into the boat; "I fear the man is drowned; he was carried down the Ripple, I think, when part of the mill fell with the crash of trees and stone against it. I've shouted again and again, and there has been no answer. Give me the oars, Maggie."

It was not till Tom had pushed off and they were on the wide water—he face to face with Maggie—that the full meaning of what had happened rushed upon his mind. It came with so overpowering a force—it was such a new revelation to his spirit of the depths in life that had lain beyond his vision, which he had fancied so keen and clear—that he was unable to ask a question. They sat mutely gazing at each other—Maggie with eyes of intense life gazing out from a weary, beaten face; Tom pale with a certain awe and humiliation. Thought was busy, though the lips were silent; and though he could ask no question, he guessed a story of almost miraculous, divinely-protected effort. But at last a mist gathered over the blue-grey eyes, and the lips found a word they could utter—the old childish "Maggie!"

Maggie could make no answer but a long deep sob of that mysterious, wondrous happiness that is one with pain. As soon as she could speak she said, "We will go to Lucy, Tom; we'll go and see if she is safe, and then

we can help the rest."

Tom rowed with untired vigour, and with a different speed from poor Maggie's. The boat was soon in the current of the river again, and soon they would be at Tofton.

A new danger was being carried towards them by the river. Some wooden machinery had just given way on one of the wharves, and huge fragments were being floated along. The sun was rising now, and the wide area of watery desolation was spread out in dreadful clearness around them; in dreadful clearness floated onwards the hurrying, threatening masses. A large company in a boat that was working its way along under the Tofton houses observed their danger, and shouted, "Get out of the current!"

But that could not be done at once, and Tom, looking before him, saw death rushing on them. Huge fragments, clinging together in fatal fellowship, made one wide mass across the stream.

"It is coming, Maggie!" Tom said, in a deep, hoarse voice, loosing the oars and clasping her.

The next instant the boat was no longer seen upon the water, and the huge mass was hurrying on in hideous triumph.

But soon the keel of the boat reappeared, a black speck on the golden water.

The boat reappeared, but brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted, living through again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love, and roamed the daisied fields together.

—George Eliot.

IV

THE MAKER OF MODERN TURKEY

[Mrs. J. H. Mair in her book *Achievement* briefly describes the contribution of some of the greatest men of the world to our modern civilization. Naturally, therefore, Mustafa Kemal Pasha who transformed Turkey from a weak backward state into a strong modern republic, finds a place in it. Post-war Europe saw the rise of some great European statesmen and among them Kemal Pasha occupies a unique position. A soldier by profession, he quickly saw the miserable condition of his country and dedicated his life to the task of making her a great European power. It was a gigantic task, but Kemal was equal to it. With his great drive and will power, he completely westernized Turkey in spite of keen orthodox opposition and, within the brief period of about a dozen years (1923-1935), made her a great nation. The manner in which other great European powers have been eagerly seeking Turkey's friendship during the last few years amply shows the enviable position she occupies in Europe today.]

IN 1881 there was born in Salonika a child who was given the name Mustafa. His parents were working-class people, industrious, patriotic and conservative. They little imagined how famous and powerful their son would become. His father died while the child was still small, and for some time he ran wild, growing strong and healthy but without education or discipline. At last, after one or two schools had been tried, he was sent to a Military College. He soon became skilled in military matters and an efficient soldier. While there he was given the name Kemal, to distinguish him from another officer named Mustafa.

The Turkey of those days was in a sad state. The

people groaned under heavy taxation, unjust laws and poverty. The Ottoman Empire, those countries over which Turkey had control, was threatening to split up and fall into the hands of other Powers. Several countries, indeed, had already achieved their independence. In 1912 fighting broke out. This was Kemal's opportunity, and he soon showed himself to be as expert in the practical problems of war as he had been in the theoretical problems of the Military College. He was made a Pasha, or Commander, but the war ended, and he found himself with nothing to do. From this time onwards Kemal began to take an interest in politics, and especially to join those groups of young men who were dissatisfied with the way in which Turkey was being ruled.

When the Great War broke out in 1914 Kemal was already regarded by the Turkish Government as a dangerous man. He was too good a soldier, however, to be wasted, and he was given some very important positions.

At the end of any war there is always a period of reaction, and this now set in in Turkey. The people were tired and disheartened. They wanted peace at any price, so long as they were left to go about their business undisturbed. They were willing to give up large parts of their country and to do anything they were asked, if only they need no longer fight. This was not Kemal's idea. He refused to believe that the Turks were beaten, and he was determined that Turkey, shorn of her empire, should still be a strong nation and a power in Europe. When he was sent into a mountainous district to disband the army there, he did the very opposite. He preached courage and defiance to the people and

called the men back to the service of their country. Soon he had reorganised the army in that district and filled them with ambition and determination.

From this time on the power of Mustafa Kemal grew to amazing proportions. He set up the Grand National Council at Angora, with himself as President, and after a long struggle with the Constantinople Government he succeeded in getting this Council recognised as the ruling power in Turkey. His slogan was "Turkey for the Turks." This ideal he set himself to attain, slowly, painfully, with bitter warfare and cruel suffering to many innocent people. There were wars, massacres, revolts—a hundred obstacles to the achievement of his desire. The Sultan, too old and feeble to cope with this fiery leader and his rebel hordes, left Turkey. The Treaty of Lausanne was signed, and Kemal was assured of all he wanted—the integrity of Turkey, freed from those imperial millstones which for so long had hung around her neck. So great was his reputation as a soldier that many countries would gladly have claimed his help and the alliance of Turkey. But Kemal would have none of them. He knew that his first duty was to Turkey, and his first task to build her up again into a strong, free and independent nation.

The common people hailed Kemal as the Gazi, the saviour of their country. But there were many men, some of them old friends of his own, who disapproved of his new ideas or grudged him his power. They were a constant hindrance to him, as well as a danger, and had to be got rid of. Mustafa Kemal reigned supreme.

Once again he was faced with a nation weary of struggle and effort, asking only to be allowed to slip back into the old traditions and routine. But this Kemal

would not allow. He felt that Turkey had been too much devoted to past traditions and cultures. She was out of touch with modern civilisation. Accordingly he set about reforming the people of Turkey whether they would or no.

He began with an apparently simple matter, clothes. The traditional garments of the Turks had to give place to more modern coats and hats, and if people objected they were forced to obey. The laws of the land, too, seemed to him clumsy and unjust. He abolished them and put in their place the German Commercial, the Italian Penal and the Swiss Civil Code of Laws. He would borrow from any and every nation, but only ideas. Those ideas had to be worked by the Turks themselves. Kemal, with the help of his sister, organised women's societies. Soon there were two women judges in Angora, and four women on the Municipal Council of Stambul.

To loosen the shackles of ignorance, Kemal determined that the first essential was education. The old Turkish script had been complicated, and as a result few people in Turkey could read or write, and few outsiders were able to learn Turkish. This, too, had to be changed. With the help of his advisers Kemal evolved a new script, an alphabet which should preserve the Turkish sounds and yet use the Latin characters. Armed with black-board and box of chalks he set out to tour his country, a great campaign of learning. In every town and village people responded gladly to this new scheme. Kemal would set up his black-board, explain how the letters should be formed, and then call out some of the audience and make them write their names. Men who had never handled a pen were

delighted to find themselves able to learn. Schools were set up everywhere, with mixed classes of boys and girls, and both men and women teachers. In them the new generation was to be brought up with new aims and ideals. The widest possible knowledge was to be spread before the people of Turkey. Young and old were invited to the feast.

One innovation that was not successful was an attempt to set up Parliamentary Government. The time was not ripe. The creation of an opposition party made the people think that the Government was too weak to rule. There were riots and revolts, and the ruler had to step in and take back the power himself. But he had shown the people a worthy ideal. He said, "I will lead my people by the hand along the road until their feet are sure and they know the way. Then they may choose for themselves and rule themselves. Then my work will be done."

Mustafa Kemal Pasha is indeed the benefactor of his country and a patriot in the truest sense of the word. One must never be disheartened by temporary reverses. Constant striving after our aim in life will surely end in success. Mustafa Kemal's record is a continuous activity to achieve his goal.

—J. H. Mair.

A LETTER BY HAZLITT TO HIS SON

[William Hazlitt (1778-1830) was a great English essayist and critic of the last century and his essays on simple everyday subjects and his criticism on Shakespeare make very pleasant and instructive reading. Hazlitt was a contemporary of great English writers like Wordsworth, Coleridge and Lamb whom he knew very intimately. But he was of a very quarrelsome and un-amiable nature and this was mainly responsible for his unhappy relations with his wife and friends and for his miserable life. The following letter to his son contains some admirable advice, given in a dignified and pleasant language. The advice is all the more valuable because it is based, as Hazlitt frankly says, on the bitter experiences of his own life and his failures. Probably the son had something of his father's nature. But we can best understand the boy's mind, if we remember that his are generally the feelings of every boy who is forced to leave his home and fond parents for a distant school. One can compare his feelings with those of the Dormouse in a later passage.]

My dear little Fellow,

You are now going to settle at school, and may consider this as your first entrance into the world. As my health is so indifferent, and I may not be with you long, I wish to leave you some advice (the best I can) for your conduct in life, both that it may be of use to you, and as something to remember me by. I may at least be able to caution you against my own errors, if nothing else.

As we went along to your new place of destination; you often repeated that you durst say that they were a set of stupid, disagreeable people, meaning the people

at the school. You were to blame in this. It is a good old rule to hope for the best. Always, my dear, believe things to be right till you find them the contrary; and even then, instead of irritating yourself against them, endeavour to put up with them as well as you can, if you cannot alter them. You said you were sure you should not like the school where you were going. This was wrong. What you meant was that you did not like to leave home. But you could not tell whether you should like the school or not, till you had given it a trial. Otherwise, your saying that you should not like it was determining that you would not like it. Never anticipate evils; or, because you cannot have things exactly as you wish, make them out worse than they are, through mere spite and wilfulness.

You seemed at first to take no notice of your school-fellows, or rather to set yourself against them, because they were strangers to you. They knew as little of you as you did of them; so that this would have been a reason for their keeping aloof from you as well, which you would have felt as a hardship. Learn never to conceive a prejudice against others because you know nothing of them. It is bad reasoning, and makes enemies of half the world. Do not think ill of them till they behave ill to you; and then strive to avoid the faults which you see in them. This will disarm their hostility sooner than pique or resentment or complaint.

I thought you were disposed to criticize the dress of some of the boys as not so good as your own. Never despise anyone for anything that he cannot help—least of all, for his poverty. I would wish you to keep up appearances yourself as a defence against the idle sneers of the world, but I would not have you value yourself

upon them. I hope you will neither be the dupe nor victim of vulgar prejudices. Instead of saying above, "Never despise anyone for anything that he cannot help," I might have said, "Never despise anyone at all"; for contempt implies a triumph over and pleasure in the ill of another. It means that you are glad and congratulate yourself on their failings or misfortunes.

You complain since, that the boys laugh at you and do not care about you, and that you are not treated as you were at home. My dear, that is one chief reason for you being sent to school, to inure you betimes to the unavoidable rubs and uncertain reception you may meet with in life. You cannot always be with me, and perhaps it is as well that you cannot. But you must not expect others to show the same concern about you as I should. You have hitherto been a spoilt child, and have been used to have your own way a good deal, both in the house and among your playfellows, with whom you were too fond of being a leader; but you have good-nature and good sense, and will get the better of this in time. You have now got among other boys who are your equals, or bigger and stronger than yourself, and who have something else to attend to besides humouring your whims and fancies, and you feel this as a repulse or piece of injustice. But the first lesson to learn is that there are other people in the world besides yourself.

There are a number of boys in the school where you are, whose amusements and pursuits (whatever they may be) are and ought to be of as much consequence to them as yours can be to you, and to which therefore you must give way in your turn. The more airs of childish self-importance you give yourself, you will only expose yourself to be the more thwarted and laughed

at. True equality is the only true morality or true wisdom. Remember always that you are but one among others, and you can hardly mistake your place in society. In your father's house you might do as you pleased: in the world you will find competitors at every turn. You are not born a king's son, to destroy or dictate to millions; you can only expect to share their fate, or settle your differences amicably with them. You already find it so at school, and I wish you to be reconciled to your situation as soon and with as little pain as you can.

I am, dear little fellow,
Your affectionate father,
W. Hazlitt.

THE PRIZE POEM

[P. G. Wodehouse (b. 1881) is one of the foremost among the English humorists of today. He has written many novels and a very large number of short stories. He enjoys an immense popularity and some of his characters like Jeeves, the greatest butler in English fiction, and his charming idiots Bertie Wooster, Ukridge, Pongo and others have become familiar names all over the English-speaking world. Mr. Wodehouse is a great master in the art of creating funny situations and complicated plots, and for this purpose he has evolved his own inimitable lively style. Recently the Oxford University conferred a unique distinction upon him, by making him an honorary Doctor of Literature, the second English humorist after Mark Twain to be thus honoured by the great University.]

In 'The Prize Poem', Mr. Wodehouse creates a very interesting situation whereby the absurdity of the conditions laid down by a gentleman for an annual poetry prize at a school has been very cleverly exposed. The unpoetic subject and the unfortunate lack of any poetic genius in the entire class make the situation more complicated. The story gives a fine glimpse into the public school-life in England. One cannot fail to observe that the peculiar charm of the story lies in Mr. Wodehouse's fine style and his powers of short, but effective, description.]

SOME quarter of a century before the period with which this story deals, a certain rich and misanthropic man was seized with a bright idea for perpetuating his memory after death, and at the same time harassing a certain section of mankind. So in his will he set aside a portion of his income to be spent on an annual prize for the best poem submitted by a member of the Sixth Form of St. Austin's College, on a subject to be selected

by the Headmaster. And, he added,—one seems to hear him chuckling to himself,—every member of the Form must compete. Then he died. But the evil that men do lives after them, and each year saw a fresh band of unwilling bards goaded to despair by his bequest. True, there were always one or two who hailed this ready market for their sonnets and odes with joy. But the majority, being barely able to rhyme “dove” with “love,” regarded the annual announcement of the subject chosen with feelings of deepest disgust.

The chains were thrown off after a period of twenty-seven years in this fashion.

Reynolds of the Remove was indirectly the cause of the change. He was in the infirmary, convalescing after an attack of German measles, when he received a visit from Smith, an ornament of the Sixth.

“By Jove,” remarked that gentleman, gazing enviously round the sick-room, “they seem to do you pretty well here.”

“Yes, not bad, is it? Take a seat. Anything been happening lately?”

“Nothing much. I suppose you know we beat the M. C. C. by a wicket?”

“Yes, so I heard. Anything else?”

“Prize poem,” said Smith, without enthusiasm. He was not a poet.

Reynolds became interested at once. If there was one role in which he fancied himself (and, indeed, there were a good many), it was that of versifier. His great ambition was to see some of his lines in print, and he had contracted the habit of sending them up to various periodicals, with no result, so far, except the arrival of rejected MSS. at meal-times in embarrassingly long

envelopes which he blushinglly concealed with all possible speed.

"What's the subject this year?" he asked.

"The College—of all idiotic things."

"Couldn't have a better subject for an ode. By Jove, I wish I was in the Sixth."

"Wish I was in the infirmary," said Smith.

Reynolds was struck with an idea.

"Look here, Smith," he said, "if you like I'll do you a poem, and you can send it up. If it gets the prize—"

"Oh, it won't get the prize," Smith put in eagerly.

"Rogers is a cert. for that."

"If it gets the prize," repeated Reynolds, with asperity, "you'll have to tell the Old Man all about it. How's this for a beginning?

"Imposing pile, reared up 'midst pleasant grounds,
The scene of many a battle, lost or won,

At cricket or at football; whose red walls
Full many a sun has kissed ere day is done."

"Grand. Couldn't you get in something about the M. C. C. match? You could make cricket rhyme with wicket." Smith sat entranced with his ingenuity, but the other treated so material a suggestion with scorn.

"Well," said Smith, "I must be off now. We've got a house-match on. Thanks awfully about the poem."

Left to himself, Reynolds set himself seriously to the composing of an ode that should do him justice. That is to say, he drew up a chair and table to the open window, wrote down the lines he had already composed, and began chewing a pen. After a few minutes he wrote another four lines, crossed them out, and selected a fresh piece of paper. He then copied out his first four lines again. After eating his pen to a stump, he jotted

down the two words "boys" and "joys" at the end of separate lines. This led him to select a third piece of paper, on which he produced a sort of *edition de luxe* in his best handwriting, with the title "Ode to the College" in printed letters at the top. He was admiring the neat effect of this when the door opened suddenly and violently, and Mrs. Lee, a lady of advanced years and energetic habits, whose duty it was to minister to the needs of the sick and wounded in the infirmary, entered with his tea. She flung wide the door of the sick-room, and the result was that what is commonly called "a thorough draught" was established. The air was thick with flying papers, and when calm at length succeeded storm, two editions of "An Ode to the College" were lying on the grass outside.

Reynolds attacked the tea without attempting to retrieve his vanished work. Poetry is good, but tea is better. Besides, he argued within himself, he remembered all he had written, and could easily write it out again. So, as far as he was concerned, those three sheets of paper were a closed book.

Later on in the afternoon, Montgomery of the Sixth happened to be passing by the infirmary, when Fate, aided by a sudden gust of wind, blew a piece of paper at him. "Great Scott," he observed, as his eye fell on the words "Ode to the College." Montgomery, like Smith, was no expert in poetry. He had spent a wretched afternoon trying to hammer out something that would pass muster in the poem competition, but without the least success. There were four lines on the paper. Two more, and it would be a poem, and capable of being entered for the prize as such. The

words "imposing pile," with which the fragment in his hand began, took his fancy immensely. A poetic afflatus seized him, and in less than three hours he had added the necessary couplet,

How truly sweet it is for such as me
To gaze on thee.

"And dashed neat, too," he said, with satisfaction, as he threw the manuscript into his drawer. "I don't know whether 'me' shouldn't be 'I,' but they'll have to lump it. It's a poem, anyhow, within the meaning of the act." And he strolled off to a neighbour's study to borrow a book.

Two nights afterwards, Morrison, also of the Sixth, was enjoying his usual during-prep. siesta in his study. A tap at the door roused him. Hastily seizing a lexicon, he assumed the attitude of the seeker after knowledge and said, "Come in." It was not the House-master, but Evans, Morrison's fag, who entered with pride on his face and a piece of paper in his hand.

"I say," he began, "you remember you told me to hunt up some tags for the poem. Will this do?"

Morrison took the paper with a judicial air. On it were the words:

Imposing pile, reared up 'midst pleasant grounds,
The scene of many a battle, lost or won,

At cricket or at football; whose red walls
Full many a sun has kissed ere day is done.

"That's ripping, as far as it goes," said Morrison. "Couldn't be better. You'll find some apples in that box. Better take a few. But look here," with sudden suspicion, "I don't believe you made all this up yourself. Did you?"

Evans finished selecting his apples before venturing on a reply. Then he blushed, as much as a member of the junior school is capable of blushing.

"Well," he said, "I didn't exactly. You see, you only told me to get the tags. You didn't say how."

"But how did you get hold of this? Whose is it?"

"Dunno. I found it in the field between the pavilion and the infirmary."

"Oh! well, it doesn't matter much. They're just what I wanted, which is the great thing. Thanks. Shut the door, will you?" Whereupon Evans retired, the richer by many apples, and Morrison resumed his siesta at the point where he had left off.

"Got that poem done yet?" said Smith to Reynolds, pouring out a cup of tea for the invalid on the following Sunday.

"Two lumps, please. No, not quite."

"Great Caesar, man, when'll it be ready, do you think? It's got to go in to-morrow."

"Well, I'm really frightfully sorry, but I got hold of a grand book. Ever read—?"

"Isn't any of it done?" asked Smith.

"Only the first verse, I'm afraid. But, look here, you aren't keen on getting the prize. Why not send in only the one verse? It makes a fairly decent poem."

"Hum! Think the Old 'Un 'll pass it?"

"He'll have to. There's nothing in the rules about length. Here it is if you want it."

"Thanks. I suppose it'll be all right? So long! I must be off."

The Headmaster, known to the world as the

Rev. Arthur James Perceval, M.A., and to the school as the Old 'Un, was sitting at breakfast, stirring his coffee, with a look of marked perplexity upon his dignified face. This was not caused by the coffee, which was excellent, but by a letter which he held in his left hand.

"Hum!" he said. Then "Umph!" in a protesting tone, as if someone had pinched him. Finally, he gave vent to a long-drawn "Um—m—m," in a deep bass. "Most extraordinary. Really, most extraordinary. Exceedingly. Yes. Um. Very." He took a sip of coffee.

"My dear," said he, suddenly. Mrs. Perceval started violently. She had been sketching out in her mind a little dinner, and wondering whether the cook would be equal to it.

"Yes," she said.

"My dear, this is a very extraordinary communication. Exceedingly so. Yes, very."

"Who is it from?"

Mr. Perceval shuddered. He was a purist in speech. "*From whom*, you should say. It is from Mr. Wells, a great College friend of mine. I—ah—submitted to him for examination the poems sent in for the Sixth Form Prize. He writes in a very flippant style. I must say, very flippant. This is his letter:—'Dear Jimmy (really, really, he should remember that we are not so young as we were); dear—ahem—Jimmy. The poems to hand. I have read them, and am writing this from my sick-bed. The doctor tells me I may pull through even yet. There was only one any good at all, that was Rogers', which, though—er—squiffy (tut!) in parts, was a long way better than any of the others. But the most taking part of the whole programme was afforded by the three

comedians, whose efforts I enclose. You will notice that each begins with exactly the same four lines. Of course, I deprecate cribbing, but you really can't help admiring this sort of thing. There is a reckless daring about it which is simply fascinating. A horrible thought—have they been pulling your dignified leg? By the way, do you remember—the rest of the letter is—er—on different matters."

"James! How extraordinary!"

"Um, yes. I am reluctant to suspect—er—collusion, but really here there can be no doubt. No doubt at all. No."

"Unless," began Mrs. Perceval, tentatively.

"No doubt at all, my dear," snapped the Reverend Jimmy. He did not wish to recall the other possibility, that his dignified leg was being pulled.

"Now, for what purpose did I summon you three boys?" asked Mr. Perceval, of Smith, Montgomery and Morrison, in his room after morning school that day. He generally began a painful interview with this question. The method had distinct advantages. If the criminal were of a nervous disposition, he would give himself away upon the instant. In any case, it was likely to startle him. "For what purpose?" repeated the Headmaster, fixing Smith with a glittering eye.

"I will tell you," continued Mr. Perceval. "It was because I desired information, which none but you can supply. How comes it that each of your compositions for the Poetry Prize commences with the same four lines?" The three poets looked at one another in speechless astonishment.

"Here," he resumed, "are the three papers. Com-

pare them. Now,"—after the inspection was over,—
"what explanation have you to offer? Smith, are these your lines?"

"I—er—ah—wrote them, sir."

"Don't prevaricate, Smith. Are you the author of those lines?"

"No, sir."

"Ah! Very good. Are you, Montgomery?"

"No, sir."

"Very good. Then you, Morrison, are exonerated from all blame. You have been exceedingly badly treated. The first-fruit of your brain has been—ah—plucked by others, who toiled not. You can go, Morrison."

"But, sir—"

"Well, Morrison?"

"I didn't write them, sir."

"I—ah—don't quite understand you, Morrison. You say that you are indebted to another for these lines?"

"Yes, sir."

"To Smith?"

"No, sir."

"To Montgomery?"

"No, sir."

"Then, Morrison, may I ask to whom you are indebted?"

"I found them in the field on a piece of paper, sir." He claimed the discovery himself, because he thought that Evans might possibly prefer to remain outside this tangle.

"So did I, sir." This from Montgomery. Mr. Perceval looked bewildered, as indeed he was.

"And did you, Smith, also find this poem on a piece

of paper in the field?" There was a metallic ring of sarcasm in his voice.

"No, sir."

"Ah! Then to what circumstances were you indebted for the lines?"

"I got Reynolds to do them for me, sir."

Montgomery spoke. "It was near the infirmary that I found the paper, and Reynolds is in there."

"So did I, sir," said Morrison, incoherently.

"Then am I to understand, Smith, that to gain the prize you resorted to such underhand means as this?"

"No, sir, we agreed that there was no danger of my getting the prize. If I had got it, I should have told you everything. Reynolds will tell you that, sir."

"Then what object had you in pursuing this deception?"

"Well, sir, the rules say everyone must send in something, and I can't write poetry at all, and Reynolds likes it, so I asked him to do it."

And Smith waited for the storm to burst. But it did not burst. For down in Mr. Perceval's system lurked a quiet sense of humour. The situation penetrated to it. Then he remembered the examiner's letter, and it dawned upon him that there are few crueller things than to make a prosaic person write poetry.

"You may go," he said, and the three went.

And at the next Board Meeting it was decided, mainly owing to the influence of an exceedingly eloquent speech from the Headmaster, to alter the rules for the Sixth Form Poetry Prize, so that from thence onward no one need compete unless he felt 'himself filled with the immortal fire.

—P. G. Wodehouse.

MR. JINGLE TO THE RESCUE

[Charles Dickens (1812-1870), the great English novelist, was a self-educated man. His early life was full of poverty and hardship. Still he read books continuously, learned shorthand and became a newspaper reporter. Subsequently he began to contribute small stories and sketches to various papers. But his first novel *Pickwick Papers*, contributed serially to a London paper in 1836, attracted immediate attention and, at the age of 24, Dickens found himself the most popular novelist in England. Henceforward Dickens' life was one of continuous success, wide popularity and prosperity. His popularity all over the world has not waned even to this day.]

Pickwick Papers is a highly humorous account of Mr. Pickwick and his companions who are all members of the Pickwick Club. They travel all over England, observing and recording the life, manners and peculiarities of the people they meet. But they are not practical men and so they find themselves many times in embarrassing situations. 'Mr. Jingle to the Rescue' describes such a situation in which Mr. Pickwick and others are suspected of being police informers by the cabman and his friends. Mr. Jingle who helps them is a peculiar talkative character with his broken, jerky manner of talking and his mind stocked with varied experiences and anecdotes. He is given to exaggeration and evidently even the simple-minded travellers are not prepared to swallow all that he describes.]

THAT punctual servant of all work, the sun, had just risen and begun to strike a light on the morning of the thirteenth of May, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, when Mr. Samuel Pickwick burst like another sun from his slumbers, threw open his chamber window and looked out upon the world beneath. Goswell Street was at his feet, Goswell Street was on

his right hand—as far as the eye could reach, Goswell Street extended on his left; and the opposite side of the Goswell Street, was over the way. “Such,” thought Mr. Pickwick, “are the narrow views of those philosophers who, content with examining the things that lie before them, look not to the truths which are hidden beyond. As well might I be content to gaze on Goswell Street for ever, without one effort to penetrate to the hidden countries which on every side surround it.” And having given vent to this beautiful reflection, Mr. Pickwick proceeded to put himself into his clothes, and his clothes into his portmanteau. Great men are seldom over-scrupulous in the arrangement of their attire; the operation of shaving, dressing, and coffee-imbibing was soon performed; and in another hour, Mr. Pickwick, with his portmanteau in his hand, his telescope in his great-coat pocket, and his note-book in his waistcoat, ready for the reception of any discoveries worthy of being noted down, had arrived at the coach stand in St. Martin’s-le-Grand.

“Cab!” said Mr. Pickwick.

“Here you are, sir,” shouted a strange specimen of the human race, in a sackcloth coat, and apron of the same, who, with a brass label and number round his neck, looked as if he were catalogued in some collection of rarities. This was the waterman. “Here you are, sir. Now then, fust cab!” And the first cab having been fetched from the public-house, where he had been smoking his first pipe, Mr. Pickwick and his portmanteau were thrown into the vehicle.

“Golden Cross,” said Mr. Pickwick.

“Only a bob’s worth, Tommy,” cried the driver, sulkily, for the information of his friend the waterman,

as the cab drove off.

"How old is that horse, my friend?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his nose with the shilling he had reserved for the fare.

"Forty-two," replied the driver, eyeing him askant.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, laying his hand upon his note-book. The driver reiterated his former statement. Mr. Pickwick looked very hard at the man's face, but his features were immovable, so he noted down the fact forthwith.

"And how long do you keep him out at a time?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, searching for further information.

"Two or three weeks," replied the man.

"Weeks!" said Mr. Pickwick in astonishment—and out came the note-book again.

"He lives at Pentonwil when he's at home," observed the driver, coolly, "but we seldom takes him home, on account of his weakness."

"On account of his weakness!" reiterated the perplexed Mr. Pickwick.

"He always falls down when he's took out o' the cab," continued the driver, "but when he's in it, we bears him up werry tight, and takes him in werry short, so as he can't werry well fall down; and we've got a pair o' precious large wheels on, so ven he *does* move, they run after him, and he must go on—he can't help it."

Mr. Pickwick entered every word of this statement in his note-book, with the view of communicating it to the club, as a singular instance of the tenacity of life in horses, under trying circumstances. The entry was scarcely completed when they reached the Golden Cross. Down jumped the driver, and out got Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle, who had

been anxiously waiting the arrival of their illustrious leader, crowded to welcome him.

"Here's your fare," said Mr. Pickwick, holding out the shilling to the driver.

What was the learned man's astonishment, when that unaccountable person flung the money on the pavement, and requested in figurative terms to be allowed the pleasure of fighting him (Mr. Pickwick) for the amount!

"You are mad," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Or drunk," said Mr. Winkle.

"Or both," said Mr. Tupman.

"Come on!" said the cab-driver, sparring away like clockwork. "Come on—all four on you."

"Here's a lark!" shouted half-a-dozen hackney coachmen. "Go to work, Sam,"—and they crowded with great glee round the party.

"What's the row, Sam?" inquired one gentleman in black calico sleeves.

"Row!" replied the cabman; "what did he want my number for?"

"I didn't want your number," said the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

"What did you take it for, then?" inquired the cabman.

"I didn't take it," said Mr. Pickwick indignantly.

"Would anybody believe," continued the cab-driver, appealing to the crowd, "would anybody believe as an informer 'ud go about in a man's cab, not only takin' down his number, but ev'ry word he says into the bargain" (a light flashed upon Mr. Pickwick—it was the note-book).

"Did he though?" inquired another cabman.

"Yes, he did," replied the first; "and then arter aggerawatin' me to assault him, gets three witnesses here to prove it. But I'll give it him, if I've six months for it. Come on," and the cabman dashed his hat upon the ground, with a reckless disregard of his own private property, and knocked Mr. Pickwick's spectacles off, and followed up the attack with a blow on Mr. Pickwick's nose, and another on Mr. Pickwick's chest, and a third in Mr. Snodgrass's eye and a fourth, by way of variety, in Mr. Tupman's waistcoat, and then danced into the road, and then back again to the pavement, and finally dashed the whole temporary supply of breath out of Mr. Winkle's body; and all in half-a-dozen seconds.

"Where's an officer?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Put 'em under the pump," suggested a hot-pieman.

"You shall smart for this," gasped Mr. Pickwick.

"Informers!" shouted the crowd.

"Come on," cried the cabman, who had been sparring without cessation the whole time.

The mob had hitherto been passive spectators of the scene, but as the intelligence of the Pickwickians being informers was spread among them, they began to canvass with considerable vivacity the propriety of enforcing the heated pastry-vendor's proposition; and there is no saying what acts of personal aggression they might have committed had not the affray been unexpectedly terminated by the interposition of a new-comer.

"What's the fun?" said a rather tall thin young man in a green coat, emerging suddenly from a coach-yard.

"Informers!" shouted the crowd again.

"We are not," roared Mr. Pickwick, in a tone which, to any dispassionate listener, carried conviction with it.

"Ain't you, though,—ain't you?" said the young man, appealing to Mr. Pickwick, and making his way through the crowd by the infallible process of elbowing the countenances of its component members.

The learned man in a few hurried words explained the real state of the case.

"Come along, then," said he of the green coat, lugging Mr. Pickwick after him by main force, and talking the whole way. "Here, No. 924, take your fare, and take yourself off—respectable gentleman,—know him well—none of your nonsense—this way, sir,—where's your friends?—all a mistake, I see—never mind—accidents will happen—best regulated families—never say die—down upon your luck—pull him up—put that in his pipe—like the flavour—confounded rascals." And with a lengthened string of similar broken sentences, delivered with extraordinary volubility, the stranger led the way to the travellers' waiting-room, whither he was closely followed by Mr. Pickwick and his disciples.

"Here, waiter!" shouted the stranger, ringing the bell with tremendous violence, "glasses round,—brandy and water, hot and strong, and sweet, and plenty,—eye damaged, sir? Waiter; raw beef-steak for the gentleman's eye.—Nothing like raw beef-steak for a bruise, sir; cold lamp-post very good, but lamp-post inconvenient—confounded odd standing in the open street half-an-hour with your eye against a lamp-post—eh,—very good—ha! ha!" and the stranger, without stopping to take breath, swallowed at a draught full half-a-pint of the reeking brandy and water, and flung himself into a chair with as much ease as if nothing uncommon had occurred.

While his three companions were busily engaged in proffering their thanks to their new acquaintance,

Mr. Pickwick had leisure to examine his costume and appearance.

He was about the middle height, but the thinness of his body, and the length of his legs, gave him the appearance of being much taller. The green coat had been a smart dress garment in the days of swallow-tails, but had evidently in those times adorned a much shorter man than the stranger, for the soiled and faded sleeves scarcely reached to his wrists. It was buttoned closely up to his chin, at the imminent hazard of splitting the back; and an old stock, without a vestige of shirt collar, ornamented his neck. His scanty black trousers displayed here and there those shiny patches which bespeak long service, and were strapped very tightly over a pair of patched and mended shoes, as if to conceal the dirty white stockings, which were nevertheless distinctly visible. His long black hair escaped in negligent waves from beneath each side of his old pinched-up-hat; and glimpses of his bare wrists might be observed between the tops of his gloves, and the cuffs of his coat sleeves. His face was thin and haggard; but an indescribable air of jaunty impudence and perfect self-possession pervaded the whole man.

Such was the individual on whom Mr. Pickwick gazed through his spectacles (which he had fortunately recovered), and to whom he proceeded, when his friends had exhausted themselves, to return in chosen terms his warmest thanks for his recent assistance.

"Never mind," said the stranger, cutting the address very short, "said enough,—no more; smart chap that cabman—handled his fives well: but if I'd been your friend in the green jemmy—hang me—punch his head,—'cod I would,—pig's whisper—pieman too,—no

gammon."

This coherent speech was interrupted by the entrance of the Rochester coachman, to announce that "The Commodore" was on the point of starting.

"Commodore!" said the stranger starting up, "my coach,—place booked,—one outside—leave you to pay for the brandy and water,—want a change for a five,—bad silver—Brummagem buttons—won't do—no go—eh?" and he shook his head most knowingly.

Now it so happened that Mr. Pickwick and his three companions had resolved to make Rochester their first halting-place too; and having intimated to their new-found acquaintance that they were journeying to the same city, they agreed to occupy the seat at the back of the coach, where they could all sit together.

"Up with you," said the stranger, assisting Mr. Pickwick on to the roof with so much precipitation as to impair the gravity of that gentleman's deportment very materially.

"Any luggage, sir?" inquired the coachman.

"Who—I? Brown paper parcel here, that's all,—other luggage gone by water,—packing cases, nailed up—big as houses—heavy, heavy, confounded heavy," replied the stranger, as he forced into his pocket as much as he could of the brown paper parcel, which presented most suspicious indications of containing one shirt and a handkerchief.

"Heads, heads—take care of your heads!" cried the loquacious stranger, as they came out under the low archway, which in those days formed the entrance to the coach-yard. "Terrible place—dangerous work—other day—five children—mother—tall lady, eating sandwiches—forgot the arch—crash—knock—children look

round—mother's head off—sandwich in her hand—no mouth to put it in—head of a family off—shocking, shocking! Looking at Whitehall, sir?—fine place—little window—somebody else's head off there, eh, sir?—he didn't keep a sharp look-out enough either—eh, sir, eh?"

"I am ruminating," said Mr. Pickwick, "on the strange mutability of human affairs."

"Ah! I see—in at the palace door one day, out at the window the next. Philosopher, sir?"

"An observer of human nature, sir," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Ah, so am I. Most people are when they've little to do and less to get. Poet, sir?"

"My friend Mr. Snodgrass has a strong poetic turn," said Mr. Pickwick.

"So have I," said the stranger. "Epic poem,—ten thousand lines—revolution of July—composed it on the spot—Mars by day, Apollo by night,—bang the field-piece, twang the lyre."

"You were present at the glorious scene, sir?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Present! think I was; fired a musket,—fired with an idea,—rushed into wine shop—wrote it down—back again—whiz, bang—another idea—wine shop again—pen and ink—back again—cut and slash—noble time, sir. Sportsman, sir?" abruptly turning to Mr. Winkle.

"A little, sir," replied that gentleman.

"Fine pursuit, sir,—fine pursuit.—Dogs, sir?"

"Not just now," said Mr. Winkle.

"Ah! you should keep dogs—fine animals—sagacious creatures—dog of my own once—Pointer—surprising instinct—out shooting one day—entering enclosure—whistled—dog stopped—whistled again—Ponto—no go:

stock still—called him—Ponto, Ponto—wouldn't move—dog transfixed—staring at a board—looked up, saw an inscription—'Game-keeper has orders to shoot all dogs found in this enclosure'—wouldn't pass it—wonderful dog—valuable dog that—very."

"Singular circumstance that," said Mr. Pickwick. "Will you allow me to make a note of it?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly—hundred more anecdotes of the same animal.—Fine girl, sir" (to Mr. Tracy Tupman, who had been bestowing sundry anti-Pickwickian glances on a young lady by the roadside).

"Very!" said Mr. Tupman.

"English girls not so free as Spanish—noble creatures—jet hair—black eyes—lovely forms—sweet creatures—beautiful."

"You have been in Spain, sir?" said Mr. Tracy Tupman.

"Lived there—ages."

"Many conquests, sir?" inquired Mr. Tupman.

"Conquests; thousands. Don Bolaro Fizzgig—Grande—only daughter—Donna Christina—splendid creature—loved me to distraction—jealous father—high-souled daughter—handsome Englishman—Donna Christina in despair—prussic acid—stomach pump in my portman-teau—operation performed—old Bolaro in ecstasies—consent to our union—join hands and floods of tears—romantic story—very."

"Is the lady in England now, sir?" inquired Mr. Tupman, on whom the description of her charms had produced a powerful impression.

"Dead, sir—dead," said the stranger, applying to his right eye the brief remnant of a very old cambric handkerchief. "Never recovered the stomach pump—under-

mined constitution—fell a victim.”

“And her father?” inquired the poetic Snodgrass.

“Remorse and misery,” replied the stranger. “Sudden disappearance—talk of the whole city—search made everywhere—without success—public fountain in the great square suddenly ceased playing—weeks elapsed—still a stoppage—workmen employed to clean it—water drawn off—father-in-law discovered sticking head first in the main pipe, with a full confession in his right boot—took him out, and the fountain played away again, as well as ever.”

“Will you allow me to note that little romance down, sir?” said Mr. Snodgrass, deeply affected.

“Certainly, sir, certainly—fifty more if you like to hear ’em—strange life mine—rather curious history—not extraordinary, but singular.”

In this strain, with an occasional glass of ale, by way of parenthesis, when the coach changed horses, did the stranger proceed, until they reached Rochester Bridge by which time the note-books, both of Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Snodgrass, were completely filled with selections from his adventures.

“Magnificent ruin,” said Mr. Augustus Snodgrass, with all the poetic fervour that distinguished him, when they came in sight of the fine old castle.

“What a study for an antiquarian” were the very words which fell from Mr. Pickwick’s mouth, as he applied his telescope to his eye.

“Ah! fine place,” said the stranger, “glorious pile—frowning walls—tottering arches—dark nooks—crumbling staircases—old cathedral too—earthy smell—pilgrims’ feet worn away the old steps—little Saxon doors—professionals like money-takers’ boxes at theatres, and all

sorts of old fellows, with great red faces, and broken noses, turning up every day—buff jerkins too—matchlocks—Sarcophagus—fine place—old legends too—strange stories; capital;” and the stranger continued to soliloquise until they reached the Bull Inn, in the High Street, where the coach stopped.

“Do you remain here, sir?” inquired Mr. Nathaniel Winkle.

“Here—not I—but you’d better—good house—nice beds—Wright’s next house, dear—very dear—half-a-crown in the bill if you look at the waiter—charge you more if you dine at a friend’s than they would if you dined in the coffee-room—rum fellows—very.”

Mr. Winkle turned to Mr. Pickwick, and murmured a few words; a whisper passed from Mr. Pickwick to Mr. Snodgrass, from Mr. Snodgrass to Mr. Tupman, and nods of assent were exchanged. Mr. Pickwick addressed the stranger.

“You rendered us a very important service this morning, sir,” said he; “will you allow us to offer a slight mark of our gratitude by begging the favour of your company at dinner?”

“Great pleasure—not presume to dictate, but broiled fowl and mushrooms—capital thing! what time?”

“Let me see,” replied Mr. Pickwick, referring to his watch, “it is now nearly three. Shall we say five?”

“Suit me excellently,” said the stranger, “five precisely—till then—care of yourselves;” and lifting the pinched-up hat a few inches from his head, and carelessly replacing it very much on one side, the stranger, with half the brown paper parcel sticking out of his pocket, walked briskly up the yard, and turned into the High Street.

"Evidently a traveller in many countries, and a close observer of men and things," said Mr. Pickwick.

"I should like to see his poem," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"I should like to have seen that dog," said Mr. Winkle.

Mr. Tupman said nothing; but he thought of Donna Christina, the stomach pump, and the fountain; and his eyes filled with tears.

—Charles Dickens.

VIII

A NIGHT AMONG THE PINES

[Robert Louis Stevenson, popularly known as R. L. S., was born in 1850 in Edinburgh. Meant to be an engineer, he studied law which he soon gave up to follow literature, his life's passion. Stevenson was very delicate from his earliest years and his life was one long battle against bad health. As the English climate did not suit him, he travelled continuously to the sunny countries of Southern Europe, and went as far as the distant islands of the Pacific in search of health. He found sufficient adventure in these travels which inspired many of his books. His books *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *Travels with a Donkey* and his poems and essays have become very popular with both young and old. He died at Samoa, a Pacific island, in 1896 and was greatly mourned by the islanders who had come to love him.

Travels with a Donkey, from which the present passage is taken, describes a tour Stevenson undertook in 1878 in Cevennes, in the south of France. Cevennes is several thousand feet above sea-level and Stevenson was advised to go there as a cure against consumption. His weakness and poverty were serious handicaps in the tour, but still he enjoyed himself and returned much improved in health. No discomfort or inconvenience could depress him and he found a strange happiness even in the solitary uncomfortable place in the pines. Throughout his long illness, R. L. S. never lost his cheerfulness and optimism. Nothing could shake his spirit and here he finds, in the words of Shakespeare, "sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in everything."]

FROM BLEYMARD after dinner, although it was already late, I set out to scale a portion of the Lozere. An ill-marked stony drove-road guided me forward; and I met nearly half-a-dozen bullock-carts descending from the

woods, each laden with a whole pine-tree for the winter's firing. At the top of the woods, which do not climb very high upon this cold ridge, I struck leftward by a path among the pines, until I hit on a dell of green turf, where a streamlet made a little spout over some stones to serve me for a water-tap. "In a more sacred or sequestered bower . . . nor nymphs nor faunus haunted!" The trees were not old, but they grew thickly round the glade: there was no outlook, except north-eastward upon distant hill-tops, or straight upward to the sky; and the encampment felt secure and private like a room. By the time I had made my arrangements and fed Modestine, the day was already beginning to decline. I buckled myself to the knees into my sack and made a hearty meal; and as soon as the sun went down, I pulled my cap over my eyes and fell asleep.

Night is a dead monotonous period under a roof; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. | What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains, is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps afieid. (All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely; even as she takes her rest, she turns and smiles;) and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the outdoor world are on their feet. | It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men, who have lain down with

the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

At what inaudible summons, at what gentle touch of Nature, are all of these sleepers thus recalled in the same hour to life? Do the stars rain down an influence, or do we share some thrill of mother earth below our resting bodies? Even shepherds and old country-folk, who are the deepest read in these arcana, have not a guess as to the means or purpose of this nightly resurrection. Towards two in the morning they declare the thing takes place; and neither know nor inquire further. And at least it is a pleasant incident. We are disturbed in our slumber only, like the luxurious Montaigne, 'that we may the better and more sensibly relish it.' We have a moment to look upon the stars. And there is a special pleasure for some minds in the reflection that we share the impulse with all outdoor creatures in our neighbourhood, that we have escaped out of the Bastille of civilisation, and are become, for the time being, a mere kindly animal and a sheep of Nature's flock.

When that hour came to me among the pines, I wakened thirsty. My tin was standing by me half full of water. I emptied it at a draught; and feeling broad awake after this internal cold aspersion, sat upright to make a cigarette. The stars were clear, coloured, and jewel-like, but not frosty. A faint silvery vapour stood for the Milky Way. All around me the black fir-points stood upright and stock-still. By the whiteness of the pack-saddle, I could see Modestine walking round and round at the length of her tether; I could hear her steadily munching at the sward; but there was not another sound, save the indescribable quiet talk of the

runnel over the stones. I lay lazily smoking and studying the colour of the sky, as we call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish grey behind the pines to where it showed a glossy blue-black between the stars. As if to be more like a pedlar, I wear a silver ring. This I could see faintly shining as I raised or lowered the cigarette; and at each whiff the inside of my hand was illuminated, and became for a second the highest light in the landscape.

A faint wind, more like a moving coolness than a stream of air, passed down the glade from time to time; so that even in my great chamber the air was being renewed all night long. I thought with horror of the inn at Chasserades and the congregated nightcaps; with horror of the nocturnal prowesses of clerks and students, of hot theatres and pass-keys and close rooms! I have not often enjoyed a more serene possession of myself, nor felt more independent of material aids. The outer world, from which we cower into our houses, seemed after all a gentle habitable place; and night after night a man's bed, it seemed, was laid and waiting for him in the fields, where God keeps an open house. I thought I had rediscovered one of those truths which are revealed to savages and hid from political economists: at the least, I had discovered a new pleasure for myself.

As I thus lay, between content and longing, a faint noise stole towards me through the pines. I thought, at first, it was the crowing of cocks or the barking of dogs at some very distant farm; but steadily and gradually it took articulate shape in my ears, until I became aware that a passenger was going by upon the high-road in the valley, and singing loudly as he went. There was more of good-will than grace in his perfor-

mance ; but he trolled with ample lungs ; and the sound of his voice took hold upon the hillside and set the air shaking in the leafy glens. I have heard people passing by night in sleeping cities ; some of them sang ; one, I remember, played loudly on the bagpipes. I have heard the rattle of a cart or carriage spring up suddenly after hours of stillness, and pass, for some minutes, within the range of my hearing as I lay abed. There is a romance about all who are abroad in the black hours, and with something of a thrill we try to guess their business. But here the romance was double : first, this glad passenger, lit internally with wine, who sent up his voice in music through the night ; and then I, on the other hand, buckled into my sack, and smoking alone in the pine-woods between four and five thousand feet towards the stars.

When I awoke again (Sunday, September 29th), many of the stars had disappeared ; only the stronger companions of the night still burned visibly overhead ; and away towards the east I saw a faint haze of light upon the horizon, such as had been the Milky Way when I was last awake. Day was at hand. I lit my lantern, and by its glow-worm light put on my boots and gaiters ; then I broke up some bread for Modestine, filled my can at the water-tap, and lit my spirit-lamp to boil myself some ehocolate. The blue darkness lay long in the glade where I had so sweetly slumbered ; but soon there was a broad streak of orange melting into gold along the mountain-tops of Vivarais. A solemn glee possessed my mind at this gradual and lovely coming in of day. I heard the runnel with delight ; I looked round me for something beautiful and unexpected ; but the still black pine-trees, the hollow glade, the munching ass, remained

unchanged in figure. Nothing had altered but the light, and that, indeed, shed over all a spirit of life and of breathing peace, and moved me to a strange exhilaration.

I drank my water-chocolate, which was hot if it was not rich, and strolled here and there, and up and down about the glade. While I was thus delaying, a gush of steady wind, as long as a heavy sigh, poured direct out of the quarter of the morning. It was cold, and set me sneezing. The trees near at hand tossed their black plumes in its passage; and I could see the thin distant spires of pine along the edge of the hill rock slightly to and fro against the golden east. Ten minutes after, the sunlight spread at a gallop along the hillside, scattering shadows and sparkles, and the day had come completely.

I hastened to prepare my pack, and tackle the steep ascent that lay before me; but I had something on my mind. It was only a fancy; yet a fancy will sometimes be importunate. I had been most hospitably received and punctually served in my green caravanserai. The room was airy, the water excellent, and the dawn had called me to a moment. I say nothing of the tapestries or the inimitable ceiling, nor yet of the view which I commanded from the windows; but I felt I was in someone's debt for all this liberal entertainment. And so it pleased me, in a half-laughing way, to leave pieces of money on the turf as I went along, until I had left enough for my night's lodging. I trust they did not fall to some rich and churlish drover.

—R. L. Stevenson.

IX

THE DORMOUSE

[Sir Hugh Walpole (b. 1884) is a very popular and prolific novelist and story-writer of today. Among his important novels are *Fortitude*, *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill*, *The Herries Chronicle*, containing four independent novels dealing with one family, and the three Jeremy novels, *Jeremy*, *Jeremy at Crale* and *Jeremy and Hamlet*. The present character sketch is taken from *Jeremy at Crale*.

This novel describes, as the novelist says, Jeremy's friends, his ambitions and his one great enemy at Crale, a public school. Among Jeremy's friends is one Charles Morgan and the present passage describes Morgan as a new-comer at the school and his bewilderment at the cruel reception he gets from senior students almost immediately after his arrival. The novelist beautifully paints the character of the sensitive boy and the condition of his mind when he gets his first bitter experience of the rough and tumble of life at his new school. Incidentally the passage gives us a fine picture of the sort of public school-life which has produced great statesmen, soldiers and other public men of England.]

I

I WILL, I hope, be forgiven if, for a moment, I leave Jeremy and bring forward a very small, and in the eyes of most persons unimportant, individual who was, however, to play a considerable part in this crisis of Jeremy's life.

He did not, of course, know that. When he came to Crale he was aware of nothing but that he was going to an enchanting place where he would be for ever playing enchanting games. He had been there now for three days and had already discovered that he was slightly at

fault in his anticipations.

His name was Charles Bentinck Morgan. His age was precisely eleven years and one month. He was the child already noticed by Jeremy, already nicknamed by his companions The Dormouse.

He was an only child. His father was a prosperous and honourable member of the London Stock Exchange, his mother, a charming lady. This is to imply that Charles Bentinck Morgan had spent those eleven years of his in the most perfect surroundings, hedged in with people who loved him, who, indeed, adored him. Because he was an only child, and because there was no chance that there would ever be another, his father and mother worshipped him with a dangerous devotion, and yet they had not spoiled him.

He was not spoiled because he had a nature like a puppy's, happy, trusting and always on the side of good fortune. It seemed to him that life was a lovely affair. He could not conceive of anything better. He loved every dog and every dog loved him.

It was because he was an only child and had known every comfort and pleasure that his father decided not to send him to a private school (where he might be petted and indulged) but to plunge him at once into Crale.

His mother was afraid, but then all mothers are nervous. She was sure, moreover, that her husband was always right. Then young Charles's own supreme confidence confirmed theirs. Because he was an only child he had never had enough of the company of other children.

He loved other children, any child who would play with him. But in the big London house when children

came they were inclined to be overwhelmed by the splendours and the ceremonies.

Charles, having been much with grown-up people, had an air of old-fashioned courtesy as host. There was always a little division between himself and the others. Down in Leicestershire it was the same. Although he had in himself no conceit or grandeur, his position isolated him.

Then, because he was a good deal alone, he lived much in his own imaginary world. His mother, who was beautiful and gentle, told him stories that had been told her in her own childhood, and she herself still half believed them. The two of them would sit on a summer's evening in the garden of the Leicestershire house and stare at the great oak on the lawn and watch the sky pale through the lattices of the dark leaves, and see the moon rise above the evening scent of the flowers. It seemed no unlikely moment for Oberon and Titania to appear. . . .

So it was time, perhaps, that Charles Bentinck Morgan should go to a real work-a-day school with no nonsense about it.

And indeed Charles Bentinck Morgan was panting with eagerness to be off!

II

He could not be as greatly distressed at leaving his mother as he ought to be. This departure seemed to him merely a beautiful interlude in a beautiful adventure. There would be boys, as many boys as he could possibly want. He imagined them to himself scattered all about the Leicestershire lawns, boys and boys and boys, all laughing and shouting, crammed with sugges-

tions for new games so glorious that the day would never be long enough to enjoy the half of them.

His father had told him that there would also be work to do; he was not at all frightened at the prospect of that. He was very fond of reading, had learnt a lot of poetry, and knew an astonishing amount of English History. Cœur de Lion, the Black Prince, Henry V, Nelson, Wellington were his familiar friends, and would often come and talk to him under the big oak on the Leicestershire lawn. No, if learning more about men like that was work he had nothing against it. . . .

His father took him down to Crale. Father and son were strangely alike. Morgan Senior was tall, which Morgan Junior was not, and Morgan Senior was not fat, which Morgan Junior at this moment, I am sorry to say, was inclined to be. But they both had the same fair hair, round, rosy faces, and a rather childish, baby-like stare in their blue eyes. They both gave an impression of supreme cleanliness and English unsubtlety.

Morgan Junior was like his father but also like his mother. He showed his feelings as his father had never done. He was the child of both his parents.

Arrived at Crale Mr. Morgan had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Leeson, received an impression of good English tradition and splendour from the Crale buildings and surroundings, and, tipping his son liberally, departed.

Young Charles, in the company of several other new boys, was led by Leeson into the Locker Room, where the Lower School boys had their kingdom. Each new boy was given a locker into which he might cast his cherished private possessions. Leeson then returned to further interviewing of anxious parents.

It was then that the Dormouse felt his first faint chill

of apprehension, the first of all his young life. He was surprisingly aware that he missed his father and had a strange, choking sensation in his throat. The room was a babble of noise and, in the middle of this, the new boys clustered together like sheep in a pen.

But they did not cluster together in any very friendly fashion. Each regarded the other with acute suspicion, as though he was a spy or traitor. The Dormouse, looking at them, felt that none of them was exactly the friend that he would have chosen to play with him under the garden oak. The room was bare and ugly beyond belief, and the noise in some way fierce and alarming.

The boys, too, seemed to him all very large and strong. None of them looked at him with kindly, smiling face, nor did he feel that he wanted to join in their games, which seemed in a strange way to be compact of anger and insult.

Then someone cried: "I say! New boys!"

There was a rush in the direction of the helpless sheep, then a battering of noisy, mocking questions:

"What's your name?"

"Who's your father?"

"Who's your mother?"

"When did you see your aunt last?"

"Who did you kiss most before you left home?"

The new boys received these questions each according to individual character. The most were terrified and showed it; one with plastered, fair hair and a thin-shaped face answered with eager sycophancy and in a moment had given some smutty reply. One boy stood frowning, answered nothing, and when at last someone pinched his arm, let out wildly with his fists and was involved immediately in a confusion of dust, collars and

jackets. One boy began to cry which delighted everybody and they danced a ring round him, singing :

*Cry-Baby, Cry-Baby,
Wants His Mammy,
Wants His Mammy,
Ooo! Ooo! Ooo!*

Young Charles was at first unnoticed. He stood bewildered, staring wildly from one to another. Then a large, stout boy who seemed to be about to burst from his clothes discovered him.

"Hullo! What's your name?"

Terrified at the unkindly voice and threatening eyes he gulped :

"Charles Morgan."

"Charles Morgan! Charles Morgan! I say, here's Charlie Morgan. What's your mother's name?"

No answer.

Then he said something filthy and entirely beyond young Charles's comprehension.

No answer.

The boy caught his arm and twisted it. The noise now was deafening. No harm intended by anyone. A little natural jungle savagery.

Only a year or so before these same tyrants had been themselves the victims, had endured a week or two's exquisite misery and loneliness and helplessness and then, for the most part, passed into a noble and care-free independence. Moreover, no loneliness and isolation would ever again be quite so sharp and painful as this loneliness and isolation, so that these three weeks' gallantry made them free for ever of life—of its brutalities, selfishness. unconsidering cruelties. This great merit in our public school system then—it stiffens your

back for anything. It is only the too imaginative who are more than temporarily bruised and even they not for ever. There are prizes for those who suffer the severest unknown to the others and it is these who often in the end love their school with the finest devotion.

But young Charlie Morgan might not see so far into the future. It is the tragedy of childhood that its catastrophes are eternal. And something, some confidence and pure happiness, departed there and then, in that Locker Room at Crale, from Charles Morgan's soul, never again to return.

His arm twisted, his body kicked, his hair tumbled, he was at last flung back against a locker and so left and forgotten. The boy who cried was the most interesting. He was actually asking to be returned forthwith to his home and mother, the most amusing thing that a new boy can do.

Young Charlie stayed where he had been put. He did not cry ; he did not move ; he just stared in front of him. His collar was torn, there were large patches of dust on his trousers. His arm and legs ached. But he was conscious of none of this. He was only aware of one thing and one thing only, that he must return to the Leicestershire lawn with the utmost possible speed and *never, never, NEVER*, come near this place again.

—Hugh Walpole.

X

BIRDS AND THEIR ENEMIES

[E. V. Lucas (1868-1939) was one of the most versatile writers and essayists of modern times. In his youth he developed a passion for Charles Lamb and in his essays he invariably reminds us of the inimitable Lamb. He was till his death a regular contributor to *Punch*. He has written several books of travel and essays and has edited many anthologies. He always writes in a clear, simple and familiar style, and his kindly human personality gives to everything he writes an irresistible charm. The present essay is taken from his *Fireside and Sunshine*, a popular book of essays.]

It is said that anything under the sun can be the subject of an essay. Here is Lucas, whose interests embrace a wide variety of subjects, writing on a semi-scientific subject. Nevertheless he succeeds in making his study of birds and small animals a charming piece of natural history. It must be noted, however, that it is not as a naturalist that the essayist finds birds interesting and worth watching and studying, but as a man full of natural sympathy and kindness. He finds, in their life and ways, nay, even in their foolishness, something to comment upon. He does not evidently intend to give information. His essay is only a sort of gossip with the readers whom he looks upon as personal friends and takes into complete confidence. That is why personal experiences, close observation, small incidents and reflection,—all these find a place in the essay and make it as attractive as a story.]

For the past two weeks I have been watching two nests in the garden—a thrush's and a long-tailed tit's. The thrush built silently and unobserved in a box tree, the first news we had of the nest being the noisy departure of the old bird as some one moved too near. Providence surely (one cannot help thinking), having done so much

for birds, might have gone a step further and gifted them with the knowledge that when in danger it is better to lie low than to bustle away. A day or so later the young birds hatched out.

The long-tailed tits worked entirely without secrecy. They sought their building site almost ostentatiously, and, having settled upon it, conveyed their materials thither under our very eyes. Lichen from the apple trees formed the outer wall, and the lining was chiefly feathers from other birds, but whether picked up casually or fought for I know not. The building operations lasted about ten days; and then came the eggs; and then, as I had foreseen from the beginning, the tragedy. For these foolish birds had set up their home in the hedge that runs by the foot-path, in itself a ridiculous enough thing, and then, nominally for protective purposes, I suppose, had used a lichen that did not in the least correspond with the surrounding colour. All this I could have told them, but man is never so helpless as in his relations with birds. Perhaps it would have been kinder to destroy the nest's foundations at once; but only very strong people can be kind like that. All that was done was to call a committee to inquire into a means of hiding in some way the positively clamorous visibility of the nest. We walked up and down the path re-arranging the branches. Finally we decided that such matters are best left to Fate.

Fate, however, does not seem to think much of birds, for when, after an absence of two or three days, I went to see the nest again, every trace of it had vanished. Some village boys on a Sunday afternoon foray (Sunday afternoon being the deadliest time for all accessible creatures in these parts) had torn the nest bodily from

the hedge, and it is probably now on a neighbour's mantelpiece. So much for the toil of two weeks and the material solieitude of a week longer, and so much for my reputation as a gentleman among long-tailed tits.

I then went on to the thrush's nest, and behold! it lay on the ground, under the box tree, with one young bird dead beside it. Later, John, the old man, told the story; he had heard that morning an unusual noise in the direction of the nest, and had even stopped work (that extreme measure!) to see what it was; he found nothing, but could now tell that a cat must have attacked the birds, and the old one have done her best to repulse it, but without success.

Two tragedies in as many days, two families destroyed, two beautiful natural processes brought to nothing!

Of the two depredators the cat is the more monstrous, because whereas a boy unthinkingly, by a kind of sense of duty as a boy, takes a nest whenever he finds it, a cat mercilessly and deliberately marks a nest down, watches the growth of the young birds, and strikes at a precise moment when they are as big as they can be before flying. I am not blaming the cat—that would be absurd. But I am vexed with her for making my position as an oracle (to the young) so difficult this morning. For the story is not yet all told. I have to add that when the young thrushes were still babies, and before the long-tailed tit had laid at all, a little girl was brought here, and I was glad to be able to show her the nests and say something about the beautiful ways of Nature. That was all right; but this morning she came in again and was for seeing how both broods had progressed, and I had, of course, to tell her of our losses. So far as the tits were concerned the case presented little difficulty,

for it comes naturally to even a little girl to think but lightly of the enormities of "horrid boys" (as we called them). But the cat? We have the misfortune to keep a cat here, and to be very fond of it, and the odds are quite heavy that it was this identical cat that consumed the thrushes and destroyed the nest. Under that impression the little girl refused to take any notice of the cat, nor could she understand how we can possibly continue to give such a creature love and shelter. She asked me the most direct questions on the matter, and I had no answers, and now I am a dishonoured thing.

And truly the whole thing is rather a puzzle. Why should a cat that is properly fed, and has its will of the mice, eat the birds of the air? Why should boys be unable to permit a bird to hatch out its eggs in peace? The law of the survival of the fittest hardly applies, for surely a thrush is as fit as a cat, and a long-tailed tit as fit as a boy. I know a dozen boys at least whom I would willingly exchange for the intimacy of a pair of these birds. Of course, it is all right, really. We all prey on one another and all in turn are preyed upon. Probably those young thrushes had each eaten some scores of very estimable and life-loving worms; probably the tits had slain insects by the thousand, and equally probably our cat will one night be caught in a trap, and that village boy will enlist and some day fall on a battle-field with a Mauser bullet through his heart. A life for a life, says Nature. And yet one is puzzled still. When man opened the door to let ^{kindness} humanity in, he let in a host of doubts and misgivings at the same time.

This is not our only tragedy. There is just now at the farm a little brood of ducklings, who move about ever in a solid phalanx—a little yellow cloud which,

though seven ducks compose it, you could at any time cover with a dinner napkin. I never saw such mobilization. If unity were really strength, this company should be capable of anything. So one might think; and yet the contrary is the fact, for the motive which leads to this excessive gregariousness is no aggression but fear. Collectively, seven yellow ducklings with weakly, twittering beaks and foolishly limp necks, are no stronger than one; but collectively their courage is greater; and just now they need courage or stimulation very badly. Because of the rats. A day or so ago the little band numbered nine, then it numbered eight, now seven, and to-morrow there may be only six. Hence there is something very pathetic in the sight of these fearful little brothers and sisters crowding against each other in their broad-day passage from one side of the yard to the other. If they feel thus when the sun shines, how must their little hearts beat at night!

Their fear of rats cannot, I think, be more intense than mine. Rats are to me what snakes are to timid people in a snake country, or tarantulas in a tarantula country. The rat idea has a kindred hold on me, and has had ever since at school I first heard Southey's ballad of Bishop Hatto. The irresistibility of that army of rats swimming nearer and nearer to the castle in the river, and then up and up the stairs. . . . The rat is so terrible and so unclean. There is the story of the cornered rat that leaps for your throat. . . .

I met a rat a short time ago. I was descending a little hill, and he was climbing it, both of us in the middle of the road. I stood still and permitted him to pass—a great, surly, wicked, intent grandfather. A personified sin might easily have been figured thus. And yet a

rat's private life, a rat's thoughts and conversation, may be far more wholesome than a rabbit's. (We don't really know anything.) Yet a thousand rabbits might play on the floor of my bed-room all night and be hanged to them, while if a single rat so much as scratched beneath the flooring, I would lose all sleep and all peace of mind. Such is association. Such is the rat idea. And such is the basis of my grief for those luckless ducklings.

The ducklings, thrushes, and tits are not the only miniature things that are finding life too hard a nut. Old John, on his way back from dinner the other day, found a cat in the midst of that ghastly game which cats play with their victims. The victim in this case was a baby rabbit. By a sudden movement John rescued the little creature and brought it to us. To transpose a box into a hutch was, as the novelists say, the work of an afternoon, and the rabbit was placed within it, together with some grass and some milk. But either the nervous shock, or the frequency with which callers came to the hutch to make inquiries, was too much for it, and the next morning its poor little body was cold. A rabbit that could recover from a cat's persecution would, indeed, have an organisation of iron.

The memory of the bright light of fear that inhabited that little rabbit's eyes has for the time being removed all my good feeling for cats. Our kitten may frolic and curvet as she will, and twist her tiny body into a thousand attitudes of a freakish and fascinating grace, but she leaves me without enthusiasm. I am tired of cats. Their rapacity is too continual, their cruelty too hideous, their beauty too superficial. Give me a plain, blundering, faithful-hearted, and true-eyed dog—a mongrel, even, if you will—before all the Persians of the Orient, or so

I say to-day.

Not that one is profoundly in love with rabbits. Indeed, I cannot rise properly to the rabbit at all; I can only feel sorry for him. To respect him is impossible; his timidity goes beyond all bounds. Man may well be gratified to cause a stampede now and again among the smaller wild animals of his neighbourhood, but when the same stampede occurs every day among the same family, he deems it too much homage. Rooks can at enormous range distinguish between a walking stick and a gun, between friend and foe, between Saturday and Sunday. Even sparrows discriminate. But rabbits are just fools. A footstep on the ground three hundred yards away starts them for home, no matter how succulent the greenery or how distant the burrow. One almost blushes to think what incredible distances one's punctual and harmless out-going footfalls cause rabbits to run every morning, and one's returning steps every evening. In our case the warren is hard by the path, and the alarmed rabbit has therefore, in gaining safety, to approach the enemy. "Go back, go back, you little duffers! Finish your feeding and compose yourselves!" one mentally exclaims. But it is to no purpose—here they all come, hundreds of them, in an agony of fear.

A few rabbits attempt courage, but never a one achieves it. They sit up with alert ears and gather together pluck to brave it out; but by the time you are within fifty yards their hearts fail them, and they break for home. A frightened rabbit never runs straight; he swerves and swerves. This probably he has learned from experience or tradition, for it baulks the sportsman's aim. Nature never did a crueller thing than when

she gave rabbits white tails: it makes it possible to shoot them long after it is too dark to see any other quarry. "Twinkletails" would be a pretty name for them. One often sees nothing of a rabbit but its flashing scut. Naturalists, I believe, are puzzled to account for it, except as an advantage to aiming man.

Young rabbits have far more enterprise than old. Indeed, rabbits go off sadly, almost as sadly as lambs, which take on stupidity steadily with years. A peculiarity of the young rabbit that is approached from a distance from its abode is to lie still in the fern or grass and sham death or coma. An old rabbit has not wit enough to do even that. One imagines the old rabbit a very treasure-house of counsel and warnings. Man must get a desperately bad character in the warrens.

Our squirrels are less shy than the rabbits. They have more audacity, more grit, more dare-devil. They let us approach within a few feet before moving, and then quick as birds, with tail outspread, they dart to a tree. More often than not it is not the nearest tree: they keep enough composure to select. A squirrel seems never to lose his head; a rabbit almost always does. When a squirrel runs he loops over the ground in the way the sea-serpent travels in pictures. Once the tree is gained, he scampers up a yard or two, on the side farthest from the enemy, and then pauses as suddenly as if an enchanter had bidden him to turn to stone. Nothing in nature is more motionless than a wary, watchful squirrel. He clings to the bark, with cocked head and fearful eyes, a matter of half a minute before climbing to the first fork of the boughs. But to say climbing is a mistake; it is not climbing; it is just running or, better still, going. A squirrel goes up a tree.

The squirrel of the artist sits on its hind quarters under the shelter of its tail, and nibbles at the nut which its forepaws hold. The position is, indeed, only one remove from saying grace, and reminds one of the child in Stevenson's verse who behaves "mannerly at table". But one does not often catch them in this attitude in the woods. There the squirrel is usually seen making little furtive dashes among the dead leaves on the ground: a tiny red animal, which, were it not for its tail-plume, might be taken at a distance for a rat. Now and then the nursery illustration is realised, but only seldom. Squirrels are very ready to be angry and they are incapable of disguising their feelings. They are voluble as fishwives. If you would test the squirrel's powers of repartee, you must drive one to the branches of an isolated tree and then rap the trunk with a stick. He will "answer back" as long as you stay there.

One pretty peculiarity touching the squirrel is that we do not associate it with age. We speak of a young rabbit or an old rabbit, a young horse, an old cow, a kitten or a cat, a puppy or a dog; but a squirrel, no matter what its development, is just a squirrel: that is to say, an indescribably wonderful woodland creature, as far removed from our own life and ken as any English animal. The lyrical swiftness of the squirrel partakes of the miraculous; and this combined with his elusive-ness,—though he is a thousand strong in the neighbouring wood,—makes him a creature apart. Thousands of persons in this country have never seen a squirrel.

The squirrel is in the main invincibly and joyously untameable, although many a man has kept one as a pet. Compared with a squirrel of the beech grove, the wildest rabbit is domesticated. But, indeed, beside the

squirrel all the four-footed creatures of the field are pedestrian, commonplace. Even the hare, with its incredible celerities, is dull compared with this brilliant aeronaut. The squirrel must be emboughed if he is to show in brightest pin. On the ground he is swift and graceful, but his tail impedes instead of assisting him ; in a tree, or in mid-air between two trees, he is a miracle of joyous pulsating life, a bird with an additional infusion of nervous fluid, a poem in red fur.

I must now return to the cat. Since where there is a cat there is death, and since you cannot have both birds and a cat, I said that the cat must go. (Her name, by the way, was Bobine Pellicule. We found it on a packet of photographic films, and deeming it too good to be lost, conferred it on her.) And I was the more certain she must go when that evening she caught a little bat and tortured it under a chair in the garden. It was rescued, and turned out to be of extraordinary friendliness,—neither scratching nor biting, as tradition alleges of it, but drinking milk, and crawling over our hands and across the table in its velvet cloak like a burlesque Hamlet. But agreeable as was this rencontre with an animal difficult to get upon terms with, I said again that Bobine must go.

Having said it again, I forgot the matter, leaving the manner of its departure to Fate. Fate settled it with a promptness and thoroughness that took the household by the throat ; for the very next morning she jumped down the well. It is a deep well, and we have no Johnny Stout within call, and death must have been rapid. Nothing but remorse could follow upon such a tragedy, our original idea of getting rid of the cat being by gift. However, it was useless to mourn over so complete a

disaster, and we reconciled ourselves to the inevitable, sorry but relieved. And then gradually we began to realise (as the grappling hooks failed to bring the suicide to the surface) that if a cat were to lay itself out to die with as much inconvenience to its unsympathetic owners as could possibly be arranged, it could not do anything better than just to drown itself in their well. The chain and winch were too light for it to be safe to descend by them; the depth was too great for a ladder to be of any use; Bobine was too slippery for the hooks to catch on. In death this small creature punished my hostility, and punished it increasingly every minute.

To return for a moment to the bats. Chancing to be dining one evening out of doors, I noticed that every now and then, as it grew more dusk, bats were materialised in the most extraordinary sudden way from a corner of the roof. Fetching the glasses, I discovered that our roof at that part was full of them, and they passed in and out under a raised tile. There is nothing swifter or quieter than the way in which bats leave a hole and are instantly on the wing—like young night thoughts. I say quieter, but as a matter of fact the attentive ear can hear a little squeaky argument before the flight, as though there was a question of precedence to settle. The bat which the cat played with must have rolled off the roof, having left the home too early.

Birds, of course, are not unmixed blessings. They certainly wake one very early; they pull thatch all to pieces; they eat the buds and they eat the fruit. A pair of dandy bullfinches with an irreproachable tailor and perfect manners completely stripped our damson tree of buds two springs ago. The cuckoo, too, is no credit to his race; his arrogance and want of a responsible

sense are deplorable, and he sings the same song so many times over that one is ashamed of him. But worse than all are the birds that ruin flowers out of sheer wantonness—a wantonness equal to that of the boys who rob or destroy nests.

I was in the country on the first day of spring this year, and I went at once to a place in the orchard where there are five or six large primrose roots. The flowers were all out, as many as twenty to thirty on each root; but when I knelt down to see them I found that almost every head had been snipped off. This is a bird's doing, and I have never learned the purpose of the deed. Can there be some delicate flavour in the neck of the primrose, or is it wanton destructiveness? I believe the scoundrel is a blackbird.

I remember a letter to the *Spectator* some years ago, in which a correspondent quoted from the margin to a woodcut of a bullfinch in an old black-letter Natural History in the library at Hertford College, Oxford, this implacable note in seventeenth century handwriting: "A small fowle. He eateth my apple buds in Spring. Kill hym."

Similarly I would indict the blackbird for thus ruining the most beautiful of flowers with his gold dagger of a bill: "A bold black ravener. He decapitateth my primroses. Behead him." And yet would I? Probably not. More likely would I try to emulate my friend Brother Benignus.

—E. V. Lucas.

XI

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG

[This speech is one of the most famous utterances of Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865), the President of the United States of America during the Civil War. It was a very critical period and the young nation was completely divided over the question of the abolition of Slavery. One of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War was fought at Gettysburg between the armies of the Union and the Republican army. This speech was delivered by Lincoln at Gettysburg on November 19, 1863, while consecrating a part of a battlefield for a burial ground for the fallen. Lincoln had dedicated his life to the sacred cause of the abolition of Slavery and the saving of his nation from disruption, and in these few eloquent words he gives to us the great principles for which he and his Union government stood. The words are simple and direct but very powerful and behind them we can easily observe the noble towering personality of the President who saved his nation at this critical time.]

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground.

The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom: and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

THE CZARINA'S VIOLET

[Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (b. 1863), familiar as 'Q' to his countless readers, is a distinguished professor of English Literature at the Cambridge University. He has written a large number of novels, short stories and books of criticism and edited several excellent anthologies, like his famous *Oxford Book of English Verse*.

'The Czarina's Violet' is a fine specimen of the story-teller's art. It is a short tale, very skilfully told without unnecessary description or details. 'Q' wants to satirise in this story the red-tapism that characterises governments all over the world. The sentries, posted to protect a small violet under peculiar conditions, continue to be posted in the same position long after the original cause is forgotten. It is only the idle curiosity of a stranger that reveals the stupidity of this meaningless procedure. This foolishness is effectively brought out in the story. But though by nature it is a simple story, 'Q' unnecessarily gives it a moral. He shows the permanence of delightful things such as flowers and children, as against military show and grandeur which fade and disappear.]

ONCE upon a time the German Emperor wished to be at peace with the Czar of Russia. He was at peace already—but he wished to be more so; because he was old, and old men desire to see peace all around them. It makes the settling up of their worldly affairs so much easier; and when they die people say: "There went one who saw the folly of quarrelling!"

But unfortunately he was so infirm with age that he could not risk the journey to St. Petersburg. So in his place, with a letter of apology, he sent his Chancellor—who was no other than the famous Prince Bismarck.

Prince Bismarck arrived at St. Petersburg late at night. When he reached the Palace, the Czar had gone to bed. But the Lord Chamberlain was up, and gave him supper, after which he was shown to a magnificent bedroom with a bright fire burning—for Russia is a cold country.

Next morning he awoke to find the sun shining; and being an early riser—to which habit he was wont to attribute much of his success in life—he lost no time in putting on his clothes, to take a walk in the park.

But early as Prince Bismarck was, the Czar's Guards were earlier. At every corner of the great palace, at the point where every two alleys divided, and at intervals along every well-kept avenue, he found a tall soldier planted. As he passed, each soldier saluted, raising his rifle to the "present" in five distinct and accurate motions. And this annoyed Prince Bismarck, because the birds were singing all the time, and the dew sparkling on the grass, and moreover, he wanted to be alone to collect his thoughts; for the Czar would certainly send for him after breakfast, and there were some nice points to be discussed before the Treaty could be agreed on.

"These Guards are a nuisance," said Prince Bismarck to himself. "Moreover their uniform clashes in colour with the petunias. There is more wealth than taste in this country."

He walked on and on, until at length it really seemed that he was free of their attentions. For he came to an avenue of pine trees along which no sentries were visible; and at the end it opened upon a level stretch of turf, the like of which he had never seen for smoothness or beauty.

"This is better," he began. But "Oh, confound it!"

he went on, as his eyes fell on yet another soldier who stood stiffly, almost (but not quite) in the centre of the grass plot.

He was moving on impatiently, when it struck him as curious that a soldier should be posted just there. He wanted to be alone, to compose his opening remarks to the Czar; yet in all his life he had never been able to pass by anything he did not understand—which was another secret of his success. So he went up to the soldier, who presented arms in five distinct motions accurate as clockwork.

"Excuse me, my man," said Prince Bismarck; "but what are you doing here?"

"How should I know;" said the soldier, who happened to be a Finn, and had not yet learnt Court address.

"But this is curious," said Bismarck, looking about him. "If you were standing guard by the walk, now—or even in the centre of this piece of turf—though I don't see what purpose that would serve—"

"I stand where I am told to stand," answered the soldier, somewhat angry at being criticised by a stranger.

"And who told you to stand here?"

"Why the sergeant, to be sure."

This was all Prince Bismarck could learn. He walked on. But, as he returned to the palace, there was the soldier still posted, as patient as ever, and guarding nothing at all.

After breakfast he was sent for and held a long conversation with the Czar, who, towards the end of it, began to wonder how a man so absent-minded had contrived to make himself a European reputation of the first class.

"I am afraid," said the Czar at length, very politely, "I have the misfortune not to make my point clear. If it be a question of how I station my soldiers in Poland—"

"In the middle of grass plots!" interrupted Prince Bismarck.

The Czar started.

"I—I humbly beg your Imperial Majesty's pardon!" cried Prince Bismarck, recollecting himself and sitting up with a jerk. "The fact is, I saw something this morning which so puzzled me that it has been weighing on my mind ever since."

"Indeed?" said the Czar. "May one ask what this was?—for we desire to study our guest's comfort in everything."

Bismarck told him.

The Czar frowned, for he was considering. "Beyond the pine avenue, you say? That must be the old archery-ground. . . . Why, yes! Now I come to think of it, there is a guardsman just in that place. I must have passed him hundreds of times: but it never occurred to me to wonder what he was doing there. Let us go and ask him!" suggested the Czar brightly. "We can let the Treaty wait until this afternoon."

They walked out to the archery-ground together. The guard had been relieved; but there stood a soldier, though a different one, on precisely the same spot; and he saluted precisely as all the others had saluted.

"Why are you standing here?" demanded the Czar.

The soldier trembled a good deal, but confessed that he did not know. The sergeant was sent for, but he knew as little as the soldier. He went in turn to summon his captain, who could only say that every sentinel was posted under the Colonel's directions. This meant send-

ing for the Colonel of the Guard.

The Colonel explained that in disposing the sentinels he rigidly followed a plan drawn up by his predecessor (an eminent Field Officer, since deceased), and approved by the War Ministry of that day, after consultation with the Ministry of the Interior.

"Do you tell me that you have never shifted a single one, in all this time?" asked the Czar.

"May it please you, sire, not one in all these twelve years," answered the Colonel of the Guard with evident pride. He mentioned the length of his service, laying a little stress upon it, because the promotion lists had overlooked his name, and he had almost begun to think his merits forgotten. "Not a single man, sire, by so much as a foot!" said the Colonel of the Guard.

"We will look into this after luncheon," said the Czar somewhat hastily—for he did not wish Prince Bismarck to think his army at any point inefficient. "Meanwhile let a despatch be sent to the Minister for War. I wish to be informed why this man is standing on this grass plot."

A pretty to-do there was when this message reached the Ministry! The Minister for War himself sat for two hours in consultation with all the oldest Field Marshals he could summon at short notice: and as for the Secretaries and Clerks of the department, they tumbled over one another as they hunted through pigeon-holes, dived into despatch boxes, dossiers, waste-paper baskets. The dust was terrific; it kept them sneezing all the while.

The Senior Field Marshal of the Empire was bed-ridden, besides being very deaf. The Minister had to take a cab and call upon him.

"Yes, yes," said the Senior Field Marshal, misunderstanding. "The Emperor wants to know exactly how

I managed to beat the Turks, fifty-five years ago. Well, that is satisfactory, because none of the histories describe it accurately."

As a matter of fact, it was not at all certain that he *had* beaten the Turks. The Turkish histories in particular were quite positive that, on the contrary, he had been beaten. But he began to tell the Minister just how it happened, from the very start, tracing out the position of the two armies on the pattern of the bed-quilt.

"But," protested the Minister, waving his hands and then talking rapidly on his fingers by the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. "The Emperor does not want to know about the Turks. He wants to know why a soldier is on guard in the old archery-ground precisely thirty-seven paces south-west-by-south from the spot where the southernmost target used to stand,"—for these were the bearings shown on the Colonel of the Guard's sentry-plan.

"Oh!" said the Senior Field Marshal, not concealing his disappointment. "Well, my memory is not what it used to be; but I dare say he was put there, to start with, as a punishment."

"But he has been there for years and years and years!" gesticulated the Minister.

"I can quite believe it," said the Senior Field Marshal. "Discipline was discipline in my days."

"And moreover, it is not the same soldier! The guard is relieved every four hours."

"To be sure" said the Senior Field Marshal.

"That introduces a new factor into our calculations. Fours into twenty-four goes eight—no six..six times three hundred and sixty-five, not counting leap years—"

The Minister left him to reckon it out and drove back to the War Office in deep dejection of spirits. Towards

the close of the day he was obliged to present himself at the Palace and admit, with tears in his eyes, that all his investigations had been in vain. No one in the Army could tell, nor was there any record to show, why the soldier stood on the grass plot.

Meanwhile, and all through the afternoon, a whole corps of Engineers had been examining the turf inch by inch, and they could report no clue.

The Czar by this time was so eager to fathom the mystery that he had forgotten all about the Treaty; and so, indeed, had Prince Bismarck. Next day it was the same. The Lord Chamberlain had sent for all the household and examined them one by one, to no effect. The servants, as they passed and repassed in the corridors, would halt and ask one another "But how did the soldier come on the grass plot?"

On the third day the Czar sent round the heralds with a proclamation. He offered the sum of one thousand roubles and a free pardon to anyone who would come forward with the true solution.

In a top attic of the Palace an old woman sat spinning linen for the imperial table-cloths. She was forgotten by everybody save by the little maidservant whose duty it was to bring her meals, and she had bent over the spinning-wheel so long that her body was almost two-double. But in her time she had been nurse to a former Czarina—to the present Czar's grandmother in fact.

"Dear me!" said the old Nurse: "There go the heralds' trumpets, down in the city. His Imperial Majesty must be sending out some proclamation or other. I do hope he is not declaring war against anybody?"

"Why, haven't you heard?" said the little maid.

servant; "it's about the soldier."

"What soldier?"

"The soldier in the grass plot."

"What grass plot?"

"Why the one where they used to shoot with bows and arrows. There's a soldier almost in the middle of it, standing guard, and everyone is wild to know what he is guarding."

"But everyone *ought* to know that," said the old Nurse. "Mercy on us, what forgetful heads we do wear in these days!"

"But *nobody* knows!" cried the little maidservant, staring at her; "and the Czar is offering a thousand roubles to anyone who can tell him!"

"My child" said the Nurse, smiling on her; "that—or a part of it—would make you a very pretty marriage-portion, would it not? Well, you are a good child. Take my arm and lead me downstairs to his Imperial Majesty."

So the little maidservant led her downstairs, and when they came into Czar's presence the old Nurse dropped a curtsy and said:

"May it please your Imperial Majesty, I can tell you all about the soldier on the grass plot. Years and years ago when the Czarina, your Majesty's grandmother, was a bride, she held a great contest of archery; for the court ladies were famous archers in those days—she being one of the skilfullest—such a beautiful arm and wrist as she had, too! There is nothing like archery to show off a pretty arm and wrist."

"Well, there the ladies were assembled, one fine spring afternoon, and when they had shot their first flight of arrows at the butts, they were all hurrying forward to

count their hits and change ends. But the Czarina stopped suddenly and called on them all to stop. Then she dropped on her knees and they all gathered about her : for there, almost in the middle of the turf, she had happened on the first violet of the year.

"The Czar, your Imperial Majesty's grandfather, came on the ground as they were all kneeling about her in a ring admiring it. Many declared it to be an omen of luck, for the Czarina was beginning to hope for a baby—who in time arrived indeed, and in time became your Imperial Majesty's father. The Czar who adored his young wife, at once sent for a Guard and stationed him beside the violet to warn the ladies not to trample upon it as they passed to and from the butts. It was not a very comfortable position for the poor man, there, almost in the line of fire, and the Czarina, seeing him wince once or twice as an arrow passed him by rather too closely, called the contest at an end : she had ever a soft heart, even for the humblest. But the Guard remained to warn off the common folks ; and there, no doubt, he has remained ever since."

"But what about the violet ?" asked the Czar. They went and searched. There was not a trace of it. The flower had long since disappeared.

Yet not for ever. The Guard was withdrawn ; and in time he in his turn was almost forgotten, and the spot where he had stood. But one day the twenty-second gardener's five-year old daughter (he had been but the forty-sixth gardener when he married the little maid-servant—so, you see, they were rising rapidly in the world) came running to her mother with a flower she had discovered while playing on the old archery-ground.

"See mother ! The first violet of the year !"

So the violet had come to life again when the heavy boots of the sentries were no longer there to trample it. But this part of the tale never reached the Palace, where, however, when they have occasion to talk of red tape, they still use a phrase of which few remember the origin: "*But how shall we get the Soldier off the grass plot?*"

MORAL

Prince! Your armies, and foot,
Cannot kill a violet.
Call your engineers to root it.
Your artillery to shoot it.

See, the flower defies you yet.
Drum, drum, fife and drum—
Pass and let the children come!

—A. T. Quiller-Couch.

XIII

CONFESSIONS OF A THUG

[Colonel Meadows Taylor (1808-1876) first came to India to join a business firm, but his life was spent in the military and civil service of the Nizam and the British Government. As a superintendent of police and later as an administrator of Berar, Meadows Taylor got excellent opportunities to observe and study Indian life and manners in those early days. Though a busy servant, he found time to write half a dozen romances like *Tara*, *Seeta*, *Tippoo Sultan* and *A Noble Queen*, and to work as a correspondent of the *London Times*. His novels contain vivid pictures of Indian history, life and manners.]

His 'Confessions of a Thug', written at the age of twenty-nine, contains a thrilling account of Thuggee, one of those dangerous cults which the unsettled conditions in India in the 18th and 19th centuries had fostered. Meadows Taylor was actively concerned with its suppression, and as such he came to have a first-hand knowledge of Thugs, their ways and creed. In the book a Thug, Ameer Ali, is supposed to relate the story of his life and adventures to the author. Though a professed Thug, at heart Ameer Ali is only a weak follower of that bloody sect. In the following passage he describes his initiation into the fold of Thuggee and his horror at his first experience of the cold-blooded murders his companions committed. It is an exciting account, with its description of the simple form of initiation, the superstition of the Thugs and their methods.]

On the day of the Dussera the ceremony of my inauguration as a Thug commenced. I was bathed and dressed in new clothes which had never been bleached, and led by the hand by my father, who officiated as the Gooroo or spiritual director, and to whom seemed to be confided the entire direction of the ceremonies. I was brought into a room, where the leaders of the band I had before

seen were assembled sitting on a clean white cloth, which was spread in the centre of the apartment. My father then, advancing towards them, asked them whether they were content to receive me as a Thug and a brother, to which they all answered, "We are."

I was then conducted into the open air, accompanied by the whole number, when my father, raising his hands and eyes to the sky, cried in a loud voice, "O Bhowanee! mother of the world! whose votaries we are, receive this thy servant—vouchsafe to him thy protection—to us, an omen which may assure us of thy consent!"

We waited for some time; and at last, from a tree over our heads, the loud twittering of the small tree-owl was heard.

"Jey Bhowanee! Victory to Bhowanee!" cried the whole of the leaders; and my father embraced me saying:

"Be of good cheer, my son; the omen is most favourable. We could hardly have expected such an one; thy acceptance is complete."

I was then reconducted to the apartment, and a pickaxe, that holy symbol of our profession, was placed in my right hand, upon a white handkerchief. I was desired to raise it as high as my breast; and an oath, a fearful oath, was then dictated to me, which I repeated raising my left hand into the air, and invoking the goddess to whose service I was devoting myself. The same oath was repeated by me on the blessed Koran, after which a small piece of consecrated goor, or coarse sugar, was given me to eat, and my inauguration was complete. My father received the congratulations of the assembly on the fortunate issue of the ceremony, and he

then addressed me as follows :

"My son, thou hast taken upon thee the profession which is of all the most ancient and acceptable to the divinity. Thou hast sworn to be faithful, brave, and secret ; to pursue to destruction every human being whom chance, or thy ingenuity, may throw into thy power, with the exception of those who are forbidden by the laws of our profession, which are not to thee sacred. These are particular sects, over whom our power does not extend, and whose sacrifice is not acceptable to our divine patroness ; they are Dhobees, Bhats, Sikhs, Nanukshahces, Mudaree Fukeers, dancing men, musicians, Bhungees, Tailees, Lohars, Burraes, and maimed or leprous persons. With these exceptions, the whole human race is open to thy destruction and thou must omit no possible means (but at all times dependent upon the omens by which we are guided), to compass their destruction. I have not finished : thou art become a Thug ; and what remains of thy profession will be shown to thee by our Gooroo, who will, under the necessary ceremonies, instruct thee in its details."

"It is enough," said I ; "I am yours to death ; and I only pray that an opportunity may soon be afforded me to prove to you my devotion." Thus I became a Thug.

The business which the Thug leaders had assembled to deliberate upon, was a plan of my father's, of a large body under himself and two other leaders (one of whom was Hoosein), to take the high road to the Dukhun ; to advance together as far as Nagpoor, from whence my father was to proceed to Hyderabad ; and the others separating, one to go to Aurangabad, thence through Khandesh, by Boorhanpoor, to Indore, and back to Sheepoor ; the other also to Aurangabad, but from

thence to Poona, afterwards, if possible, as far as Surat, and from thence homewards, but if the season should be too far advanced, they were to get to Boorhanpoor and home in the best way they could; finally we were all to meet at Sheopoor by the commencement of the next rainy season. No opposition was made to this.

Thus planned, but a few days elapsed before we set off on our journey; with us there were sixty men, with Hoosein forty-five, and with the other jemadar, whose name was Ghous Khan, thirty, making in all one hundred and thirty-five.

Before we commenced our journey, however, it was necessary to consult the omens; and as the ceremonies are somewhat curious, I shall relate them to you—observing, that no expedition, whether of a large or a small body, can be undertaken without them.

The morning we were to separate on our different destinations, everything having been duly prepared, we repaired to a spot which had been chosen on the road, a short distance from the village, and the whole band was in attendance. Bhudrinath, a man of much intelligence and respectability, and who was learned in the conducting of ceremonies, bore the sacred pickaxe, which had been previously duly consecrated, and was immediately attended by my father and three other jemadars. My father as the leader of the whole, carried a lota filled with water, suspended by a string which he held in his mouth, down his right side. Had that lota fallen, what a dire omen would it have been to him! Nothing could have averted his death in that year, or at furthest in the year following.

We moved slowly, till we reached the spot fixed on, and there my father stood. Turning his face to the

south, the direction we were to take, he placed his left hand on his breast, reverently lifted his eyes to heaven, and pronounced in a loud voice the following invocation to Bhowanee :

“Mother of the universe ! Protectress and patroness of our order ! If this expedition be pleasing to thee, vouchsafe us thy help. and give us an omen of thine approbation !”

He was silent, and every mouth repeated the prayer aloud.

Now every one looked impatient for the omens : the band scarcely breathed, so intensely anxious was the suspense. Long we waited, perhaps half an hour : no one spoke : and the reverent silence of the assembled numbers had something exceedingly impressive in it. At last the Pilhaoo, or omen on the left hand was vouchsafed : a jackass brayed, and was almost instantly answered by one on the right, which was the Thibao. What could have been more complete ! such an omen had not been known for years, and promised the utmost success and a splendid booty. Loud and fervent were the cries of praise to Bhowanee ; and each, turning to his companion, congratulated him on the happy prospect.

Seven long hours my father sat on that spot, during which time all was prepared for the journey. At its expiration he arose, and we took the nearest road to Guneshpoor.

In a few days we arrived at Guneshpoor, and as yet we had had no adventure. On reaching the town, the Sothaees or inveiglers, whose duty it is to entice travellers into the power of the Thugs, were sent into the town, while we remained under a mango-grove on the outside. They were absent most part of the day ; and

when they returned they were eagerly questioned for intelligence. The men who had been sent on this duty were two Hindus, one by name Bhudrinath, a Brahmin, and another a man of inferior caste, by name Gopal.

Bhudrinath told us, that he had gone through the whole of the bazaar without success, when he was attracted to a bunnea's shop by a respectable old man, who was in a high dispute with the bunnea. He went up to him, and the old gentleman, who was in a violent passion at some attempted exaction on the part of the merchant, immediately accosted him, and begged him to be witness to the transaction, expressing at the same time his intention of having the man brought before the Kotwal for this dishonesty.

"The bunnea was very insolent and abusive," Bhudrinath went on to say; "and after some altercation, I contrived to settle the matter by dint of threats and persuasion. The old man seemed pleased with me; and it naturally led, after we left the shop together, to a conversation about whither I was going, and who I was. I took advantage of this, to convince him that the town was no safe residence for a traveller, even for a night, and discovered that he was a Persian mootsuddee, or writer in the service of the Rajah of Nagpoor, whither he was travelling with his son.

"I of course alarmed him as much as I could with accounts of the thieves and Thugs on the road, and represented ourselves to be a company of travellers proceeding also to Nagpoor on our way to the Dukhan, and associated together for mutual protection; and that we always rested outside the villages, as being the safest places when our number was so large. He seemed so struck with the proposal I made to him to come out and

join us, that I lost no time in pressing him to leave the town, and I have succeeded. I have left Gopal, who joined us to show him the way out, and assist him in packing up his things, and I have no doubt they will be here before sunset."

"Barik Alla!" exclaimed my father; "your face is bright in our eyes, Bhudrinath; and I have no doubt, lads," said he to the knot of listeners, "that the old Khayet has abundance of money and jewels, and his plunder will help to see us on to Nagpoor; so if he does not come to us of his own free will, we must even waylay him, and that too in the next march. A short time will decide this; and if he fails us, some of you Lughaees must be off to prepare the bhil or place of burial."

But we were saved the trouble; for the Khayet came into our camp as he had said, by sunset, and was met at the confines of it by my father, and the two other jemadars. The respectability of his appearance struck me forcibly; he was evidently a man of polished manners, and had seen courts and good society. After arranging his travelling cart to sleep in, by placing some tent walls around it for protection to his women, he and his son, an intelligent, handsome-looking youth, came to the spot where my father and the other leaders had spread their carpets; and many of the band being assembled, there ensued a general conversation.

Who could have told, Sahib, the intentions of those by whom he was surrounded! To me it was wonderful. I knew he was to die that night, for that had been determined when he arrived in our camp, and while he was arranging his sleeping-place. I knew, too, that a spot had been fixed on for his grave, and that of those with

him; for I had accompanied my father to it, and saw that it was begun; and yet there sat my father, and Hoosein, Ghous Khan, and many others. The pipe and the story passed round, and the old man was delighted at the company he had fallen into.

"I thank you," said he to Bhudrinath, "that you brought me out of that unsainted village, truly here is some enjoyment in the society of gentlemen, who have seen the world; there I should have been in perpetual dread of robbers, and should not have slept a wink all night, while here I need not even to be watchful, since I am assured by the Khan Sahib," pointing to my father, "that I shall be well taken care of."

"Aye!" growled out in a whisper an old Thug who sat behind me, "he will be well taken care of, sure enough, I will see to that."

"How?" said I.

He gave the sign, by which I knew him to be one of the Bhuttotes or stranglers who had been selected. And he went round and seated himself just behind the old man, who turned about as though he were intruded upon.

"Sit still, sit still," said my father; "it is only a companion; in an open camp like this every one is privileged to hear the conversation of the evening majlis; and we usually find some one among us who can enliven the evening with a tale, until it is time to rest for the night."

So the old Thug sat still: I could see him playing with his fatal weapon, the handkerchief, now pulling it through one hand and now through the other; and I gazed on the group till my brain reeled again with excitement, with intense agony I might call it with more truth. There sat the old man, beside him his noble

looking boy ; behind them their destroyers, only awaiting the signal ; and the old man looked so unconscious of danger, was so entirely put off his guard and led into conversation by the mild bland manners of my father, that what could he have suspected ? That he was in the hands of those from whom he was to meet his death ? Ah, no ! And as I gazed and gazed, how I longed to scream out to him to fly ! had I not known that my own death would follow instantaneously, I had done it. Yet it would have been of no use. I turned away my eyes from them ; but they returned to the same place involuntarily. Every movement of the men behind seemed the prelude to the fatal ending. At last I could bear the intensity of my feelings no longer : I got up, and was hurrying away, when my father followed me.

"Where are you going ?" said he ; "I insist on your staying here ; this is your initiation ; you must see it, and go through with the whole."

"I shall return directly," said I : "I go but a pace or two ; I am sick."

"Faint-hearted !" said he in a low tone : "see you do not stay long, this farce must soon end."

A turn or two apart from the assembly restored me again, and I returned and took up my former place, exactly opposite the old man and his son. Ya Alla ! Sahib, even now I think they are there (and the Thug pointed with his finger), father and son ; and the son's large eyes are looking into mine, as my gaze is riveted on them.

Ameer Ali looked indeed as though he saw them, and stared wildly, but passing his hands across his eyes, he resumed.

Taajoob ! said he, wonderful ! I could have sworn they

both looked at me ; but I am growing old and foolish. Well, Sahib, as I said, I gazed and gazed at them, so that I wonder even now they saw nothing extraordinary in it. But no. the old man continued a relation of some treaties the Nagpoor Rajah was forming with the English, and was blaming him for entering into any league with them against his brethren, when my father called out "Tambako lao (bring tobacco) !" It was the signal ! Quicker than thought the Thug had thrown his handkerchief round the neck of the old man, another one round that of his son, and in an instant they were on their backs struggling in the agonies of death. Not a sound escaped them but an indistinct gurgling in their throats ; and as the Bhuttotes quitted their fatal hold, after a few moments, others who had been waiting for the purpose took up the bodies and bore them away to the already prepared grave.

—Meadows Taylor.

XIV

CROSSING THE DESERT

[Alexander Kinglake (1809-1891) is known today only as the author of *Eothen* from which the following account has been taken. A barrister by profession, Kinglake gave up a lucrative practice to devote himself to literature and politics. His *Eothen* which means "From the early dawn" or "From the East" is a charming narrative of his travels in the Near East. Published in 1844, it is still a very popular book of travel. Travelling in a desert was, before motor cars became a common means of travel, a strange experience, even to those who had widely travelled. The vast stretches of sand, the loneliness of the desert, the illusions of sight and sound, the want of fresh food and of good company and the uncomfortable position on camel back—all these made desert travel an unforgettable experience.]

THE manner of my daily march was this. At about an hour before dawn I rose, and made the most of about a pint of water which I allowed myself for washing. Then I breakfasted upon tea and bread. As soon as the beasts were loaded, I mounted my camel and pressed forward. My poor Arabs being on foot would sometimes moan with fatigue and pray for rest, but I was anxious to enable them to perform their contract for bringing me to Cairo within the stipulated time, and I did not, therefore, allow a halt until the evening came. About midday, or soon after, Mysseri used to bring up his camel alongside of mine and supply me with a piece of the dried bread softened in water, and also (as long as it lasted) with a piece of the tongue. After this there came into my hand (how well I remember it!) the little tin cup half filled with wine and water.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly-reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by the last week's storm, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky. You look to the sun, for he is your taskmaster, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you; then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labours on—your skin glows, your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering Time marches on, and by and by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand right along on the way for Persia.

Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses; the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on; comes burning with blushes, yet comes and clings to his side.

Then begins your season of rest. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound. The beast instantly understood and obeyed the sign, and slowly sunk under me, till she brought her body to a level with the ground; then gladly enough I alighted. The rest of the camels were unloaded and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the Desert, where shrubs there were, or where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food that was allowed them out of our stores.

My servants, helped by the Arabs, busied themselves in pitching the tent and kindling the fire. Whilst this was doing I used to walk away towards the East, confiding in the print of my foot as a guide for my return. Apart from the cheering voices of my attendants, I could better know and feel the loneliness of the Desert. (The influence of such scenes, however, was not of a softening kind, but filled me rather with a sort of childish exultation in the self-sufficiency which enabled me to stand thus alone in the wideness of Asia—a short-lived pride, for wherever man wanders he still remains tethered by the chain that links him to his kind; and so when the night closed round me I began to return—

to return as it were to my own gate.] Reaching at last some high ground, I could see, and see with delight, the fire of our small encampment, and when at last I regained the spot, it seemed a very home that had sprung up for me in the midst of these solitudes. My Arabs were busy with their bread—Mysseri rattling teacups; the little kettle with her odd, old-maidish looks, sat humming away old songs about England; and two or three yards from the fire my tent stood prim and tight, with open portal and with welcoming look.

Sometimes in the earlier part of my journey the night-breeze blew coldly; when that happened the dry sand was heaped up outside round the skirts of the tents, and so the wind, that everywhere else could sweep as he liked along these dreary plains, was forced to turn aside in his course. Then within my tent there were heaps of luxuries—dining-rooms, dressing-rooms, libraries, bedrooms, drawing-rooms, oratories—all crowded into the space of a hearthrug. The first night, I remember, with my books and maps about me, I wanted a light. They brought me a taper, and immediately from out of the silent Desert there rushed in a flood of life, unseen before. Monsters of moths of all shapes and hues, that never before perhaps had looked upon the shining of a flame, now madly thronged into my tent, and dashed through the fire of the candle till they fairly extinguished it with their burning limbs. Those who had failed in attaining this martyrdom suddenly became serious, and clung despondingly to the canvas.

By and by there was brought to me the fragrant tea, and big masses of scorched and scorching toast, and the butter that had come all the way to me in this Desert of Asia from out of that poor, dear, starving Ireland. I

feasted like a king—like four kings—like a boy in the fourth form.

When the cold, sullen morning dawned, and my people began to load the camels, I always felt loath to give back to the waste this little spot of ground that had glowed for a while with the cheerfulness of a human dwelling. One by one the cloaks, the saddles, the baggage, the hundred things that strewn the ground and made it look so familiar—all these were taken away, and laid upon the camels. A speck in the broad tracts of Asia remained still impressed with the mark of patent port-manteaus and the heels of London boots; the embers of the fire lay black and cold upon the sand; and these were the signs we left.

My tent was spared to the last, but when all else was ready for the start then came its fall; the pegs were drawn, the canvas shivered, and in less than a minute there was nothing that remained of my genial home but only a pole and a bundle. . . .

About this part of my journey I saw the likeness of a fresh-water lake. I saw, as it seemed, a broad sheet of calm water stretching far and fair towards the south—stretching deep into winding creeks, and hemmed in by jutting promontories, and shelving smooth off towards the shallow side. On its bosom the reflected fire of the sun lay playing and seeming to float as though upon deep still waters.

Though I knew of the cheat, it was not till the spongy foot of my camel had almost trodden in the seeming lake that I could undeceive my eyes, for the short-line was quite true and natural. I soon saw the cause of the phantasm. A sheet of water, heavily impregnated with salts, had gathered together in a vast hollow between

the sandhills, and when dried up by evaporation had left a white saline deposit; this exactly marked the space which the waters had covered, and so traced out a good shore-line. The minute crystals of the salt, by their way of sparkling in the sun, were made to seem like the dazzled face of a lake that is calm and smooth.

The pace of the camel is irksome, and makes your shoulders and loins ache, from the peculiar way in which you are obliged to suit yourself to the movements of the beast; but one soon, of course, becomes inured to the work, and after my first two days, this way of travelling became so familiar to me that (poor sleeper as I am) I now and then slumbered for some moments together on the back of my camel. On the fifth day of my journey the air above lay dead, and all the whole earth that I could reach with my utmost sight and keenest listening was still and lifeless, as some dispeopled and forgotten world that rolls round and round in the heavens through wasted floods of light. The sun, growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever on me he shone before, and as I dropped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep—for how many minutes or moments I cannot tell; but after a while I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills! My first idea naturally was that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself, and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then at least I was well enough awakened; but still those old Marlen bells rang on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily,

merrily ringing "for church." After a while the sound died away slowly. It happened that neither I nor any of my party had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around me. (It seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some more memory that must have swept across my brain in a moment of sleep.) Since my return to England it has been told to me that like sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sailor, becalmed under a vertical sun *in* the midst of the wide ocean, has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells.

—A. W. Kinglake.

MONEY-LENDERS

[Robert Lynd (b. 1879) is one of the most delightful of living English essayists. He is a critic too and is the Literary Editor of the *News Chronicle*. His essays in the *New Statesman* under the pen-name "Y. Y." are a regular pleasant feature of that paper. 'Money-Lenders' is taken from his volume of essays, *The Money Box*.

The money-lender, that familiar personage, is a subject of universal attack. While in no way defending him, Mr. Lynd reminds us that the borrower is as much a public nuisance as the money-lender. The latter is evidently a businessman, intent on making the most of other people's difficulties; as such he deserves to be avoided. But the borrower who pretends to be needy and who usually appeals to people's sentimentality is a person to be more scrupulously avoided. The essayist has a bitter experience of both and he makes no secret of it. But he is a gentleman and has no unkind word to say about either of them. In a witty and graceful manner he simply describes their ways, leaving his readers to do what they consider best when both the borrower and the lender try to tempt them.]

It is, I suppose, a fact, that far more people have suffered at the hands of money-borrowers than of money-lenders. Yet it is the money-lender and not the money-borrower whose activities we are always denouncing and trying to curb. I doubt if there is a single law in existence against borrowing money. If there is, I have never heard of its being enforced. I have borrowed money so often myself that I do not complain of this, but I should like to see it made an offence against the law to borrow money from a person you have never seen before. When I was younger, it was a common enough

thing for a perfect stranger who had somehow or other got hold of one's name to call in at the office and announce that he had just been given an excellent job in a town in the far north of England, and that, if one lent him his railway-fare, he would be a made man for life. In youth one has an ardent faith in people with good jobs waiting for them in northern towns who are so friendless that they have to borrow the railway-fare from someone whom they have never met before. I have long since lost that faith, for never once did I receive so much as a post-card from the north of England explaining that, though the job was a good one, it would take years to save enough money to repay the price of the railway-ticket. That, indeed, was all I hoped for. I wanted to be sure that the man had really gone to the north of England. One does not feel foolish for having lent money that will never be paid back, but one does feel foolish if one has lent it for one purpose and if it is spent on another. Is there not a story of Addison's lending Steele some money to pay the rent, and of his anger on finding that Steele had laid it out on a drinking-party? So far as I can remember the story, Addison, in his wrath at being fooled, had Steele put under arrest. I should not like to proceed so far against the men who borrow the fare for imaginary railway-journeys. But I resent the fraud on my sentimentality. Yet I must in honesty confess that, if they had not told the story of the job in the distant town, they would not have got so much money from me. If a borrower tries to borrow money with no better excuse than that he is penniless, it is our instinct to put him off with five shillings or half-a-crown. A man, we feel, cannot in decency expect a perfect stranger to give him a pound or anything substantial

merely because he is starving. On the other hand, if he can persuade us that he has just been appointed assistant manager of the "Orkney and Shetland Tailors' and Cutters' Standard," and that, if he does not set off by the next train, he will lose the job, he can with reasonable confidence ask for a sum large enough to pay not only for his railway-ticket but for his meals on the train. And, if he approaches the young and innocent, he will get it. Thus we positively encourage borrowers to be dishonest. We are likely to give more to a borrower who tells us a lie than to a borrower who tells us the truth. I do not know how guileless youth can be protected against the machinations of people who want money for railway-fares. The only thing to do is to let them learn by experience that most people who borrow money from strangers are frauds. On the other hand, I know a man who, on finding himself without a penny in his pocket at Charing Cross, and yet under the necessity of getting to Hampstead within twenty minutes, went up to the first policeman he saw and asked him for the loan of his tube-fare. And the policeman gave it to him. That, I think, is one of the noblest incidents in the history of the London police force. It should also be counted to the credit of the borrower that he paid the money back.

Few money-lenders, unfortunately, lend their money in the spirit of the policeman. It is in vain that you will go into a money-lender's office and tell a specious story about your being in want of the fare to Hampstead or to Hawick. The money-lender is not really interested in your needs, but in your possessions. In order to get his money you must appeal not to his heart but to his greed of gain. I should not mind his doing this if he

took any risks in his business. But he will not lend you money if he thinks there is any risk in it. He will not lend you a pound unless he is sure that, if you do not pay him back, he will get not only his pound, but considerably more. Do not be misled by his offers of £50,000 on your note of hand. I am not sure what a note of hand is, but the only money-lender whom I ever took at his word assured me that it meant my furniture. I will say this for him, that I never saw a more attractive advertisement. It had an air of generosity, or devil-may-care philanthropy, that went straight to my heart. I was myself young and generous at the time, and deciding that it would be unfair to shear so obvious a lamb, I wrote to him, asking not for £50,000, but for £50. Frankly, I thought my letter was a note of hand, and I looked forward to receiving a cheque by return of post. But, instead of this, a man whom I thought, and whom most people would think, an odious little wretch, called at my flat, and made such outrageous proposals that I got rid of him as quickly as possible. It was quite clear that he was thinking, not of how much I wanted, but of how much he could get out of me. So far as I could see, money-lending was a mere business with him, and he had no intention of parting with a penny, unless he could be sure either of his right to seize all I had or of coming down for his money on some of my dearest friends. I was so astounded by his change of front that I had not the heart even to remind him of the terms of his advertisement. His face was simply an ill-shaven sneer. He was the sort of man whom you would not have asked for a crust of bread if you were starving. To tell the truth, he not only destroyed my faith in money-lenders, but he very nearly destroyed my faith

in human nature.

The only other dealings I ever had with money-lenders occurred about the same time, and they also were of a kind rather disturbing to the rosy optimism of youth. A poor woman called on me one day and reminded me that I had once known one of her second cousins. Having established this sentimental link between us, she told me that she had been behaving rather foolishly and, in order to pay her debts, had had to borrow £20. She asked me if I would mind signing a bill for it as a matter of form. I assured her that I hadn't twenty pounds in the world. "It doesn't matter," she told me. "It's only a question of writing your signature. You'll never hear of it again." I accordingly put on my hat and went out with her to a money-lender's, where we both wrote our signatures, and she got the £20.

Everything went swimmingly for the first three or four weeks. I had an enthusiastic letter from her, in which she told me that she was paying off the debt in instalments and offered me a four-leaved shamrock. I wrote back, still more enthusiastically, for I was deeply moved by the offer of the four-leaved shamrock, but I said that I couldn't dream of taking such a precious mascot from her. She replied ecstatically, saying that she was still paying the instalments and that, if at any time she failed to do so, I was at liberty to tell her second cousin. I wrote back, almost on the verge of tears, assuring her that I had the utmost confidence in her, and telling her that I wouldn't dream of saying anything about the matter to her second cousin. A month later I had a letter from the money-lender, saying that the lady whose bill I had backed had fallen into arrears with her payments and asking me what I thought of doing

about it. I wrote back urging him to write to her. I even wrote to her myself, expressing the hope that she was well, and explaining that the money-lender seemed to be getting anxious about his money. Some days later, the letter came back marked, "Not known." I wrote again to the address that she had given me, and learned that she had gone away, leaving no address. Meanwhile the money-lender kept sending me letters and calling round on me, and, indeed, harassing me to such an extent that in the end I saw I should have no peace till I paid the money myself. In the result, I borrowed three weeks' salary in advance from the office in which I worked and went round to the money-lender and bought back my signature. It was the highest price, I may say, that has ever been paid for anything I have written. Mr. Arnold Bennett, I believe, gets something between a shilling and a guinea a word. But those two words that I wrote were, even in the illiterate eyes of a money-lender, reckoned to be worth between six and seven pounds each.

In spite of my experience, however, I am not in entire sympathy with Lord Carson's campaign against money-lenders. At least, I dislike some of the arguments that are being used against them. Some people seem to want to suppress money-lenders merely because they send them circulars through the post. I have seen a man raging when, on opening what looked like an interesting letter, he found that it was only a note from somebody in Bond Street, offering to lend him £50,000. I admit that, after one has passed the first flush of youth, it is a dullish sort of letter to receive, but I had much rather find a money-lender's circular in an envelope than a bill. If you want to purify the post you should

begin by prohibiting the transmission of bills. Money-lenders' circulars have the one shining merit that they are almost the only sort of letters that there is no need to answer. Apart from this, I am not sure that it is wise to discourage such model members of the community as the majority of money-lenders are. What other profession can show the same immunity from crime? Rarely do you hear of a money-lender committing murder. I do not think any respectable money-lender has ever been convicted of burglary. I doubt even if money-lenders run off with other people's wives as often as other people do. Most of them devote themselves quietly to their business, and are careful never to injure a fellow-creature except for purposes of gain and within the four corners of the law. I see that Lord Haldane was courageous enough to say in the House of Lords that "the money-lender is not always the ruffianly person he is supposed to be". That is a tribute of a kind of which any profession might well be proud. Has Lord Haldane ever paid a similar tribute to the clergy or to the medical or legal profession?

The money-lender, indeed, is a perfectly harmless person if you do not do business with him. And no one but a fool would do business with him. The wise man, if he finds that his debts are beyond his means, will go into the bankruptcy court or to jail or to South America rather than into the office of a money-lender. He knows that, if he cannot afford to pay his debts, he can afford much less to borrow the necessary money from a money-lender. One cannot pay one's debt by doubling them except, perhaps, in fairyland. No one, indeed, but a millionaire can afford to borrow money from a money-lender. And in the end I should back the money-lender

to beat the millionaire. The money-lender combines the genius of a bull-dog with that of a boa-constrictor. He is one of the most fascinating of the lower animals.

—Robert Lynd.

XVI

DISCIPLINE

[Charlotte Yonge (1823-1901) was a very popular and voluminous writer of the last century. She wrote about 160 books and some of them were great successes. She was a very pious woman and tried to preach religious doctrines through her novels. Today she is mainly remembered as the author of *A Book of Golden Deeds*. It is a collection of stories describing real noble deeds performed by people all over the world. A golden deed shows some great virtue on the part of the doer—self-sacrifice, endurance, heroism, discipline, courage or kindness—and, wherever performed, such deeds have always been a source of inspiration to countless people in their lives. We require discipline, self-control together with an implicit obedience to orders in every stage of our life, and the glorious description of discipline, displayed by the characters in this passage, will no doubt teach a noble lesson to one and all.]

PERHAPS there have never been occasions, when the habit of instantaneous obedience to the voice of duty has produced more touching instances of forbearance and unselfishness, than in the confusion and despair of a shipwreck. What a wreck can be without such qualities, has been but too well proved by the horrible scenes that took place after the loss of the French ship *Meduse*, when brutal selfishness was followed by savage violence and cannibalism too shocking to be dwelt upon; though memorable as an example, that "every man for himself," is the most fatal of all policies, even were self-preservation the primary object.

In British ships of war, unshrinking obedience, heeding nothing but the one matter in hand, is the rule. "As

a landsman," says Colonel Fisher, an engineer-officer who was on board the *Plover* gun-boat in the hottest fire on the Peiho river, "I was much struck with the coolness with which the navigation of the vessel was attended to ; the man in the chains cries the soundings, the master gives his orders to the man at the helm and the engineers below ; the helmsman has no eyes or ears but for the master's directions and signals. . . . All seem intent on what is their duty at the time being, and utterly unmindful of the struggle raging round them." And this when not only were they being shot down every moment, but when each comparatively harmless ball rocked the gun-boat, sent splinters flying, or brought the yards down upon their heads. Where such conduct is regarded as a mere matter of course, from the grey-headed admiral down to the cadet and the cabin-boy, no wonder that multitudes of deeds have been done, glorious because they placed duty far above self, and proved that Nelson's signal is indeed true to the strongest instinct of the English sailor.

The only difficulty is to choose among the instances of patient obedience on record ; and how many more are there, unknown to all but to Him who treasures up the record, until the day when "the sea shall give up her dead !" Let us cast a glance at the *Atalante*, bewildered in a fog upon the coast of Nova Scotia, and deceived by the signal-guns of another ship in distress, till she struck upon the formidable reefs, known by the name of the Sisters Rocks, off Sambro Island. The wreck was complete and hopeless, and a number of men scrambled at once into the pinnace ; but the captain, seeing that she could never float so loaded, ordered twenty of them out, and was implicitly obeyed, so

entirely without a murmur, that as the men hung clinging to the weather-gunwale of the ship, they drowned the crashing of the falling masts with their cheers.

As soon as the pinnace was lightened, she floated off, but immediately turned bottom upwards. Still the crew never lost their self-possession for one moment, but succeeded in righting her, and resuming their places, without the loss of a man. They then waited beyond the dash of the breakers on the reef for Captain Hickey and their companions, who were still clinging to the remains of the ship. There were two other boats, but too small to hold the whole number, and an attempt was made to construct a raft, but the beating of the waves rendered this impossible, so the men already in the pinnace were directed to lie down in the bottom, and pack themselves like herrings in a barrel, while the lesser boats returned through the surf to pick off the rest—a most difficult matter, and indeed some had to be dragged off on ropes, and others to swim, but not one was lost. The captain was of course the last man to quit the wreck, though several of the officers were most unwilling to precede him even for a moment, and by the time he reached the boat, the last timbers had almost entirely disappeared, amid the loud cheers of the brave-hearted crew.

Nothing was saved but the admiral's despatches, which the captain had secured at the first moment, and the chronometer. This last was the special charge of the captain's clerk, who had been directed always to hold it in his hand when the guns were fired, or the ship underwent any shock, so as to prevent the works from being injured. On the first alarm he had caught up the chronometer and run on deck, but being unable to swim, was forced to cling to the mizen-mast. When the ship

fell over, and the mast became nearly horizontal, he crawled out to the mizen-top, and sat there till the spar gave way and plunged him into the waves, whence he was dragged into one of the boats, half-drowned, but grasping tight his precious trust. A poor merry negro, who held fast to his fiddle to the last moment, as he clung to the main-chains, was obliged to let his instrument go, amid the laughter and fun of his messmates, who seem to have found food for merriment in every occurrence. No one had a full suit of clothes but an old quarter-master, named Samuel Shanks, who had comported himself throughout as composedly as if shipwrecks befell him every day, and did not even take off his hat, except for a last cheer to the *Atalante* as she sank. He recollected that he had a small compass seal hanging to his watch, and this being handed to the captain, in his gig, and placed on the top of the chronometer, it proved steady enough to steer by, as the three boats crept carefully along in the dense fog. They landed, after a few hours, on the coast, about twenty miles from Halifax, at a fishing station where they were warmed and fed.

Thence the captain took the most exhausted and least clothed of the party in the boats to Halifax, leaving the others to march through the half-cleared country. Before night the whole ship's company assembled, without one man missing, in as complete order as if nothing had happened.

Here perfect discipline had proved the means of safety, and hope had never failed for a moment; but we have still fresh in our memories an occasion where such forbearing obedience led to a willing self-sacrifice, when safety might have been possible to the strong at the

expense of certain destruction to the weak.

The *Birkenhead*, a war steamer used as a transport, was on her way to Algoa Bay with about 630 persons on board, 132 being her own crew, the rest being detachments from the 12th, 74th and 91st regiments, and the wives and children of the soldiers. In the dead of the night between the 25th and 28th of February, the vessel struck on a reef of sunken rocks on the African coast, and from the rapidity with which she was moving, and the violence of the waves, became rapidly a hopeless wreck. On the shock, the whole of the men and officers hurried on deck, and the commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Seton, calling the other officers about him, impressed on them the necessity of preserving order and silence among the men, and placed them at the disposal of the commander of the vessel.

Sixty were placed at the pumps, others to disengage the boats, and others to throw the poor horses overboard, so as to lighten the ship, while the rest were sent to the poop to ease the fore part of the ship. Every one did as directed, and not a murmur nor cry was heard. They were as steady as if on parade, as ready as though embarking in a British harbour.

The largest boat was unhappily too much encumbered to be got at quickly enough, but the cutter was filled with the women and children, and pushed off, as did two other small boats. The other two large ones were, one capsized, the other stove in by the fall of the funnel, which took place immediately after the cutter was clear of the ship, only twelve or fifteen minutes after the ship had struck. At the same time the whole vessel broke in two parts, crosswise, and the stern part began to sink and fill with water. The commander called out, "All

those that can swim jump overboard and swim for the boats."

But Colonel Seton and the officers with him besought their men to forbear, showing them that if they did so, the boats with the women must be swamped. And they stood still. Not more than three made the attempt. Officers and men alike waited to face almost certain death rather than endanger the women and children. Young soldiers, mostly but a short time in the service, were as patiently resolute as their elders. In a few moments the whole of these brave men were washed into the sea, some sinking, some swimming, some clinging to spars. The boats picked up as many as was possible without overloading them, and then made for the shore, which was only two miles off, hoping to land these and return for more, but the surf ran so high that landing was impossible, and after seeking till daylight for a safe landing-place, they were at last picked up by a schooner, which then made for the wreck, where thirty or forty were still hanging to the masts in a dreadful state of exhaustion.

A few, both of men and horses, had succeeded in swimming to the shore, but some were devoured by the sharks on the way, and out of the whole number in the ship, only 192 were saved. But those who were lost, both sailors and soldiers, have left behind them a memory of calm, self-denying courage as heroic as ever was shown on battlefield.

—Charlotte Yonge.

XVII

"W. G."

[A. G. Gardiner (b. 1865) is a distinguished journalist and a very popular essayist of today. His essays and sketches are written under the pen-name of 'Alpha of the Plough' and they are published in various popular collections such as *Leaves in the Wind*, *Pebbles on the Shore*, *Many Furrows*, *Certain People of Importance*, etc. He always writes in a light, humorous, conversational style.

"W. G." is meant to be an obituary essay. It is the time of the last World War and the essayist who has been staying in a distant village is naturally anxious to get fresh news. He goes to the station for his daily paper and the first news he hears is that "W. G." is dead. Mr. Gardiner is evidently a great cricket-fan and the news comes as a great shock to him. This sketch gives us his reminiscences of the great cricketer, William Grace, at the zenith of his glory. Incidentally it describes to us the early days of first-class cricket. It is a brilliant tribute paid to the great sportsman of the last century.

William Grace (1848-1915) was a doctor by profession. He began to play in first-class matches from the age of sixteen. Besides being captain for years to the Gloucestershire team, he captained England in a number of test matches against Australia. His knowledge of the game was unsurpassed and he reached his record in 1895, by completing one hundred centuries that year and thus earned for himself the title of Champion. He was conspicuous on every field on which he played for his massive figure and black beard.]

THE worst of spending week-ends in the country in these anxious days is the difficulty of getting news. About six o'clock on Saturday evening I am seized with a furious hunger. What has happened on the East front? What on the West? What in Serbia? Has Greece

made up its heroic mind? Is Rumania still trembling on the brink? What does the French communique say? These and a hundred other questions descend on me with frightful insistence. Clearly I can't go to bed without having them answered. But there is not an evening paper to be got nearer than the little railway station in the valley two miles away, and there is no way of getting it except by Shanks' mare. And so, unable to resist the glamour of *The Star*, I start out across the fields for the station.

As I stood on the platform last Saturday evening devouring the latest war news under the dim oil lamp, a voice behind me said, in broad rural accent, "Bill, I say, W. G. is dead." At the word I turned hastily to another column and found the news that had stirred him. And even in the midst of world-shaking events it stirred me too. For a brief moment I forgot the war and was back in that cheerful world where we used to be happy, where we greeted the rising sun with light hearts and saw its setting without fear. In that cheerful world I can hardly recall a time when a big man with a black beard was not my King.

I first saw him in the 'seventies. I was a small boy then, and I did him the honour of playing truant—"playing wag" we called it. I felt that the occasion demanded it. To have the god of my idolatry in my own little town and not to pay him my devotions—why, the idea was almost like blasphemy. A half-dozen, or even a dozen, from my easily infuriated master would be a small price to pay. I should take the stripes as a homage to the hero. He would never know, but I should be proud to suffer in his honour. Unfortunately there was a canvas round the field where the hero played, and as the

mark of the Mint was absent from my pockets I was on the wrong side of the canvas. But I knew a spot where, by lying flat on your stomach and keeping your head very low, you could see under the canvas and get a view of the wicket. It was not a comfortable position, but I saw the King. I think I was a little disappointed that there was nothing supernatural about his appearance and that there were no portents in the heavens to announce his coming. It didn't seem quite right somehow. In a general way I knew he was only a man, but I was quite prepared to see something tremendous happen, the sun to dance or the earth to heave, when he appeared. I never felt the indifference of Nature to the affairs of men so acutely.

I saw him many times afterwards, and I suppose I owe more undiluted happiness to him than to any man that ever lived. For he was the genial tyrant in a world that was all sunshine. There are other games, no doubt, which will give you as much exercise and pleasure in playing them as cricket, but there is no game that fills the mind with such memories and seems enveloped in such a gracious and kindly atmosphere. If you have once loved it and played it, you will find talk in it enough "for the wearing out of six fashions," as Falstaff says. I like a man who has cricket in his soul. I find I am prejudiced in his favour, and am disposed to disbelieve any ill about him. I think my affection for Jorkins began with the discovery that he, like myself, saw that astounding catch with which Ulyett dismissed Bonnor in the Australian match at Lord's in 1883—or was it 1884? And when to this mutual and immortal memory we added the discovery that we were both at the Oval at the memorable match when Crossland rattled

Surrey out like ninepins and the crowd mobbed him, and Key and Roller miraculously pulled the game out of the fire, our friendship was sealed.

The fine thing about a wrangle on cricket is that there is no bitterness in it. When you talk about politicians you are always on the brink of bad temper. When you disagree about the relative merits of W. B. Yeats or Francis Thompson you are afflicted with scorn for the other's lack of perception. But you may quarrel about cricketers and love each other all the time. For example, I am prepared to stand up in a truly Christian spirit to the bowling of anybody in defence of my belief that—next to him of the black beard—Lohmann was the most naturally gifted all-round cricketer there has ever been. What grace of action he had, what an instinct for the weak spot of his opponent, what a sense for fitting the action to the moment, above all, what a gallant spirit he played the game in! And that, after all, is the real test of the great cricketer. It is the man who brings the spirit of adventure into the game that I want. Of the Quaifes and the Scottons and the Barlows I have nothing but dreary memories. They do not mean cricket to me. And even Shrewsbury and Hayward left me cold. They were too faultily faultless, too icily regular for my taste. They played cricket not as though it was a game, but as though it was a proposition in Euclid. And I don't like Euclid.

It was the hearty joyousness that "W. G." shed around him that made him so dear to us youngsters of all ages. I will admit, if you like, that Ranjitsinhji at his best was more of a magician with the bat, that Johnny Briggs made you laugh more with his wonderful antics, that A. P. Lucas had more finish, Palaret more grace, and so

on. But it was the abundance of the old man with the black beard that was so wonderful. You never came to the end of him. He was like a generous roast of beef—you could cut and come again, and go on coming. Other men flitted across our sky like meteors, but he shone on like the sun in the heavens, and like the sun in the heavens he scattered largesse over the land. He did not seem so much a man as an institution, a symbol of summer and all its joys, a sort of Father Christmas clothed in flannels and sunshine. It did you good merely to look at him. It made you feel happy to see such a huge capacity for enjoyment, such mighty subtlety, such ponderous gaiety. It was as though Jove, or Vulcan, or some other god of antiquity had come down to play games with the mortals. You would not have been much surprised if, when the shadows lengthened across the green sward and the umpire signalled that the day's play was done, he had wrapped himself in a cloud of glory and floated away to Olympus.

And now he is gone indeed, and it seems as though a part, and that a very happy part, of my life has gone with him. When sanity returns to the earth, there will arise other deities of the cricket field, but not for me. Never again shall I recapture the careless rapture that came with the vision of the yellow cap flaming above the black beard, of the Herculean frame and the mighty bared arms, and all the godlike apparition of the master. As I turned out of the little station and passed through the fields and climbed the hill I felt that the darkness that has come upon the earth in these days had taken a deeper shade of gloom, for even the lights of the happy past were being quenched.

—A. G. Gardiner.

KING'S TREASURIES

[John Ruskin (1819-1900) was a most versatile and thought-provoking writer. Born of very rich parents, Ruskin graduated from Oxford, and during his long life he wrote a large number of controversial books, worked as a professor of fine art at Oxford and associated himself with a large number of philanthropic activities for the improvement of the conditions of the poor and the labouring classes. Through his books he continuously preached better ideals of life and nobler standards of conduct. He wrote on a wide variety of subjects, such as fine arts, political economy, literature, science, etc., and his important books include *Modern Painters*, *Sesame and Lilies*, *Unto this Last*, *The Crown of Wild Olive* and others. Ruskin is one of the greatest masters of the English prose style.

'King's Treasuries' is taken from a lecture Ruskin delivered in London in appealing for funds for a library. The title of the lecture was 'Sesame: Of King's Treasuries'. In it Ruskin desired to dwell on "the majesty of the influence of good books," and to urge that "valuable books should be within the reach of every one." He divides all books into two classes and it is "books of all times" that he describes as King's Treasuries and their authors as kings among men. Ruskin mildly attacks here the desire of a majority of people to be acquainted with kings and other dignitaries. But he points out to these narrow-minded people that they are thereby neglecting the noble friendship of wise writers through their imperishable books. A real book is something permanent. It contains the essence of the life, thoughts and experiences of the wisest and noblest men of the world.]

BUT, granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power ! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice ! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance, or

necessity ; and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would ; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice ; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humouredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive ; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a Princess, or arresting the kind glance of a Queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet ; and spend our years, and passions, and powers in pursuit of little more than these ; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation ;—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle,—and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience, but to gain it ;—kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our bookcase shelves,—we make no account of that company,—perhaps never listen to a word they would say. all day long !

You may tell me, perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them, and the passion with which we pursue the company, probably of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this,—that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not

their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar. But it is not so. Suppose you never were to see their faces;—suppose you could be put behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two, instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen, all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined chosen addresses of the wisest of men;—this station of audience, and honourable privy council, you despise!

But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay; that cannot be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters, much better in their writings than in their careless talk. But I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings—books, properly so called. For all books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

The good book of the hour, then,—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what

you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humoured and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age: we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books: for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, today: whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read." A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice

merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing"; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book."

—*John Ruskin.*

SODA-WATER

['Soda-Water' is an essay taken from Mr. Edwin Slosson's *Chats on Science*. Science was at one time considered to be too technical a subject, to be studied by students and specialists only. Hence books on science were usually written in very dry, matter-of-fact and too technical a style. But the universal spread of knowledge has brought scientific information within the reach of even laymen, and eminent scientists like Sir Ray Lankester, Professor Julian Huxley, Sir James Jeans and others have started writing on scientific subjects in a popular and simple style. They avoid technicalities as far as possible and their lucid manner makes even a dry and difficult subject intelligible and interesting. Mr. Slosson gives us here a chat on such a familiar subject as soda-water. It is a fine piece of writing, given in an easy, conversational style, and only when we read it, do we realize how much information the writer has given to us in his chat.]

WHEN you are hot and tired from a long walk you naturally drop into the nearest drug-store and take a seat on the wire-legged stool before the marble monument and say to the young man in the apron, 'Plain soda, please.' Natural enough it is. But funny when you think of it. For what you are paying for is the very thing that you are most anxious to get rid of. What you suck in through the straw is just what you expel with every panting breath.

For soda-water does not contain soda. This is one of these misbrandings that the law allows because it can't stop its use. It is a hang-over word, like 'sardines' that never saw Sardinia and 'bologna' that does not come from Italy.

Soda-water used to be made from baking-soda by the action of some acid that releases the desired gas. Then limestone was substituted for soda because it was cheaper and just as good. But the thirst of young America seemed likely to melt away mountains of marble, and so it is now customary to catch and compress the gas that escapes from soda-springs or from the fermenting vats of beer or near-beer or from the combustion of coal. What soda-water is composed of you may see for yourself if you watch your glass as it stands on the table after you have slaked your first thirst. You will see that it is separating into two different things, a liquid and a gas. The liquid is plain water, as you will find out if you are too slow about drinking. The other is a heavy gas that slips up through the water in little bubbles and collects in the empty half of the tumbler. This gas is as invisible as air, but you can prove that it is not air by striking one of the matches on the table before you and plunging it into the upper part of the glass. You will see that the light will be put out before it reaches the water. The gas is so heavy that you can fairly drink it from the glass, and it has, as you know, a tingle-tangle taste. It is also slightly sour, or, as the chemist would call it, a weak acid. 'Carbonic acid' is the old name for it, but it is more correct to name it, when it is out of the water, 'carbon dioxide.'

Into these two things then, water and carbon dioxide, your plain soda dissolves before your eyes. The remarkable thing about it is that all living beings are dissolving into these same two things, also before your eyes, though you do not see it.

Every plant from the yeast to the pine, every animal from a midge to a man, is continually being converted

into water and carbon dioxide and passing off in a gaseous form.

While you are musing over it, your glass of soda-water is slowly evaporating. So are you. And into the same elements. You can prove this without leaving your chair. Wipe one side of the tumbler dry with your paper napkin and breathe against the cold glass. There is the dew into which you are dissolving.

The other product of your internal combustion, carbon dioxide, you can identify if you will ask the clerk in the chemist's shop to pour you out a glass of lime-water. Stick your straw into it, but blow instead of sucking. You will see the water turn milky—a common trick of the amateur magician and a proof of the presence of carbon dioxide. This white sediment is the same substance as the original limestone from which the carbon dioxide may have been derived.

You are therefore gradually becoming gasified, and the end-products of your life-reaction are water and carbon dioxide. We may measure your vitality by weighing these products of your activity. If you are leading the sedentary life, your output of soda-water will be low. If you are leading the strenuous life it will be high.

When you are working hard, say sawing wood or riding a bicycle uphill, you may be exhaling as much as five ounces of carbon dioxide in an hour. When you are sitting still you are exhaling about an ounce. Food and fuel, the source of animate and inanimate energy, whatever runs our engines or our bodies, all turn out as soda-water in the end. The furnace cannot consume its own smoke in the place of fresh fuel. We must turn over this useless product, soda-water, to the green leaves; for they, under the stimulus of sunshine, have the power

to reverse this reaction, to release the oxygen again to the air, and to store up the carbon and hydrogen as food or fuel. In this form they are once more at the disposal of man to furnish him strength to do his work.

So that Yankee ingenuity has converted this waste product of all life into a re-invigorator.

This glass of plain soda is not so plain as it seems at first sight. There is more to be got out of it than the man at the fountain put into it.

Why does the gas escape from the liquid? Because the liquid has more gas than it has a legal right to hold. There are two laws regulating this matter. One says that the higher the temperature the less the gas that can be dissolved in a liquid. Your glass of water can hold easily two glassfuls of carbon dioxide when it is ice-cold, but only one glassful at the temperature of the room. Since the soda-water as it stands is warming, it must give off half of its gas.

The other law is that the greater the pressure the more gas will be dissolved in a given quantity of water. Under ordinary conditions a pint of water will hold about a pint of gas. Making the pressure four times as great, it will dissolve four pints. The reason why soda-water is so nice is because you get more for your money than you think you are getting. If you pay a nickel for a pint you get five pints of fluid—only a cent a pint. It is consequently very filling and satisfying to the thirsty soul, who, like all human beings, wants so much more than he can hold.

The imprisoned gas, when the pressure is removed by the pulling of a cork or the running from the fountain, tries to escape, and it is very interesting to watch its struggles in your glass. The gas that is dissolved in

the water at the surface can go right off into the air, but that which is down deeper has a harder time. The little individual bubbles clinging to the side and bottom are too weak individually to push their way through the water to the top. Then the era of combination begins. Several little bubbles join together and form a syndicate. This draws to it all the little bubbles near it and absorbs them. Some of the bubbles you will see trying to preserve a quasi-independence as they cling together, but the filmy partition finally breaks. The trust is formed and soars upward, growing as it goes. There are two reasons why it gets bigger as it rises through the water: one is that the pressure gets less, as with a balloon in the air, and the other is that the gas in the water through which it passes can escape into it as easily as from the surface above.

'Unto him that hath shall be given,' is also a physical law. As the bubble gets bigger the pressure holding it gets weaker, just as when you blow up a circus balloon or one of those inflating squawkers that the children have. You have to blow hard at first, but as the rubber film expands it becomes weaker, and you have to look out or you will burst it with your breath. Now, the bubble of gas in the water is held together by just such an elastic film. You used to call this force 'capillary attraction,' but you must say 'surface tension' or 'interfacial energy' nowadays, or else your children will laugh at you.

As the bubbles get bigger, then, the surface tension gets weaker, because it is less arched. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. All scientific laws should be good rules. Conversely, then, let us say, that the smaller the bubble the greater the force necessary to

expand it. That is all right for a way, but if you work it back mathematically to its extreme limit you will reach the absurd conclusion that no bubble can have ever been begun. Or to put it in another way, if the bubble is next to nothing in size it will be next to impossible to start it. The scientists, however, are not at all embarrassed by such a reduction to absurdity. If a law does not go their way they part company with it without a pang. In this case they simply say the rule does not apply to infinitesimal bubbles, which is obviously true.

But you can see for yourself that, even if it is not impossible, it is very difficult for a bubble to get a start in life. The bubbles begin on the sides and bottom of the glass where there is some little irregularity in the surface to give them a chance. If there is a little scratch made by careless scouring of the glass you will find them lined up along that. A glass with a perfectly smooth, even surface will retain the gas much longer. Champagne glasses have a deep hollow stem from which the bubbles stream up for a long time, so that the liquor will keep 'alive' longer. Stir your soda with a straw and see the bubbles rise.

If you don't want the big trust bubbles to rise to the top and escape with their accumulations, thicken the water with some sugar syrup from the other faucet of the fountain, and then the bubbles will accumulate on top in a rosy mass of foam and froth, very pretty, but not good for anything.

But this philosophising makes one thirsty. Our soda-water is getting stale from standing. All the life is going into the foam. Blow it off and drink.

—Edwin Slosson.

HOBBIES

[The Rt. Hon. Mr. Winston Churchill (b. 1874), the present Prime Minister of England, belongs to one of the oldest and most illustrious families of England and is a direct descendant of the famous Earl of Marlborough. He started life as a military officer and his youthful career as an officer in India and Africa was full of thrills and adventures. He has put down his memories of his early days in his famous and popular book, *A Roving Commission*, which reads almost like a romance. After some years of military service, Mr. Churchill resigned his commission in the army to enter politics. Since then he has been an active figure in British political life and has served as a member of the British Cabinet several times in various responsible capacities.

An excellent soldier and a first class statesman with a dynamic personality, Mr. Churchill has proved himself an excellent speaker and writer. His books on his ancestor Marlborough and his *The World Crisis*, in four volumes, have proved to be great books. In this essay, he writes on a simple subject. Hobbies play a very important part in our life and, among other things, they chiefly help us in relieving the drabness and routine of our everyday life and relaxing our tired minds. Mr. Churchill himself is not without his own hobbies, and while emphasizing the value of hobbies in life, he describes with great gusto his favourite hobbies of reading and painting.]

MANY remedies are suggested for the avoidance of worry and mental overstrain by persons, who, over prolonged periods, have to bear exceptional responsibilities and discharge duties upon a very large scale. Some advise exercise, and others, repose. Some counsel travel, and others, retreat. Some praise solitude, and others, gaiety. No doubt all these may play their part

according to the individual temperament. But the element which is constant and common in all of them is Change.

Change is the master key. A man can wear out a particular part of his mind by continually using it and tiring it, just in the same way as he can wear out the elbows of his coat. There is, however, this difference between the living cells of the brain and inanimate articles: one cannot mend the frayed elbows of a coat by rubbing the sleeves or shoulders; but the tired parts of the mind can be rested and strengthened not merely by rest, but by using other parts. It is not enough merely to switch off the lights which play upon the main and ordinary field of interest; a new field of interest must be illuminated. It is no use saying to the tired "mental muscles"—if one may coin such an expression—"I will give you a good rest", "I will go for a long walk", or "I will lie down and think of nothing". The mind keeps busy just the same. If it has been weighing and measuring, it goes on weighing and measuring. If it has been worrying, it goes on worrying. (It is only when new cells are called into activity, when new stars become the lords of the ascendant, that relief, repose, refreshment are afforded.)

A gifted American psychologist has said, "Worry is a spasm of the emotion; the mind catches hold of something and will not let it go." It is useless to argue with the mind in this condition. The stronger the will, the more futile the task. One can only gently insinuate something else into its convulsive grasp. And if this something else is rightly chosen, if it is really attended by the illumination of another field of interest, gradually, and often quite swiftly, the old undue grip relaxes

and the process of recuperation and repair begins.

The cultivation of a hobby and new forms of interest is therefore a policy of first importance to a public man. But this is not a business that can be undertaken in a day or swiftly improvised by a mere command of the will. The seeds must be carefully chosen; they must fall on good ground; they must be sedulously tended, if the vivifying fruits are to be at hand when needed.

To be really happy and really safe, one ought to have at least two or three hobbies, and they must all be real. It is no use starting late in life to say: "I will take an interest in this or that." Such an attempt only aggravates the strain of mental effort. A man may acquire great knowledge of topics unconnected with his daily work, and yet hardly get any benefit or relief. It is no use doing what you like; you have got to like what you do. Broadly speaking, human beings may be divided into three classes: those who are toiled to death, those who are worried to death, and those who are bored to death. It is no use offering the manual labourer, tired out with a hard week's work and effort, the chance of playing a game of football or baseball on Saturday afternoon. It is no use inviting the politician or the professional or business man, who has been working or worrying about serious things for six days, to work or worry about trifling things at the week-end. As for the unfortunate people who can command everything they want, who can gratify every caprice and lay their hands on almost every object of desire—for them a new pleasure, a new excitement is only an additional satiation. In vain they rush frantically round from place to place, trying to escape from avenging boredom by mere clatter and motion. For them discipline in one form or another

is the most hopeful path.

It may also be said that rational, industrious, useful human beings are divided into two classes: first, those whose work is work and whose pleasure is pleasure; and secondly, those whose work and pleasure are one. Of these the former are the majority. They have their compensations. The long hours in the office or the factory bring with them as their reward, not only the means of sustenance, but a keen appetite for pleasure even in its simplest and most modest forms. But Fortune's favoured children belong to the second class. Their life is a natural harmony. For them the working hours are never long enough. Each day is a holiday, and ordinary holidays when they come are grudged as enforced interruptions in an absorbing vocation. Yet to both classes the need of an alternative outlook, of a change of atmosphere, of a diversion of effort, is essential. Indeed, it may well be that those whose work is their pleasure are those who most need the means of banishing it at intervals from their mind.

The most common form of diversion is reading. In that vast and varied field millions find their mental comfort. Nothing makes a man more reverent than a library. "A few books", which was Lord Morley's definition of anything under five thousand, may give a sense of comfort and even of complacency. But a day in a library, even of modest dimensions, quickly dispels these illusory sensations. As you browse about, taking down book after book from the shelves and contemplating the vast, infinitely-varied store of knowledge and wisdom which the human race has accumulated and preserved, pride, even in its most innocent forms, is chased from the heart by feelings of awe not untinged

with sadness. As one surveys the mighty array of sages, saints, historians, scientists, poets and philosophers whose treasures one will never be able to admire—still less enjoy—the brief tenure of our existence here dominates mind and spirit.

Think of all the wonderful tales that have been told, and well told, which you will never know. Think of all the searching inquiries into matters of great consequence which you will never pursue. Think of all the delighting or disturbing ideas that you will never share. Think of the mighty labours which have been accomplished for your service, but of which you will never reap the harvest. But from this melancholy there also comes a calm. The bitter sweets of a pious despair melt into an agreeable sense of compulsory resignation from which we turn with renewed zest to the lighter vanities of life.

"What shall I do with all my books?" was the question; and the answer, "Read them", sobered the questioner. But if you cannot read them, at any rate handle them and, as it were, fondle them. Peer into them. Let them fall open where they will. Read on from the first sentence that arrests the eye. Then turn to another. Make a voyage of discovery, taking soundings of uncharted seas. Set them back on their shelves with your own hands. Arrange them on your own plan, so that if you do not know what is in them, you at least know where they are. If they cannot be your friends, let them at any rate be your acquaintances. If they cannot enter the circle of your life, do not deny them at least a nod of recognition.

It is a mistake to read too many good books when quite young. A man once told me that he had read all

the books that mattered. Cross-questioned, he appeared to have read a great many, but they seemed to have made only a slight impression. How many had he understood? How many had entered into his mental composition? How many had been hammered on the anvils of his mind and afterwards ranged in an armoury of bright weapons ready to hand?

It is a great pity to read a book too soon in life. The first impression is the one that counts; and if it is a slight one, it may be all that can be hoped for. A later and second perusal may recoil from a surface already hardened by premature contact. Young people should be careful in their reading, as old people in eating their food. They should not eat too much. They should chew it well.

Since change is an essential element in diversion of all kinds, it is naturally more restful and refreshing to read in a different language from that in which one's ordinary daily work is done. To have a second language at your disposal, even if you only know it enough to read it with pleasure, is a sensible advantage. Our educationists are too often anxious to teach children so many different languages that they never get far enough in any one to derive any use or enjoyment from their study. The boy learns enough Latin to detest it; enough Greek to pass an examination; enough French to get from Calais to Paris; enough German to exhibit a diploma; enough Spanish or Italian to tell which is which; but not enough of any to secure the enormous boon of access to a second literature.

Choose well, choose wisely, and choose one. Concentrate upon that one. Do not be content until you find yourself reading in it with real enjoyment. The process

of reading for pleasure in another language rests the mental muscles; it enlivens the mind by a different sequence and emphasis of ideas. The mere form of speech excites the activity of separate braincells, relieving in the most effective manner the fatigue of those in hackneyed use. One may imagine that a man who blew the trumpet for his living would be glad to play the violin for his amusement. So it is with reading in another language than your own.

But reading and book-love in all their forms suffer from one serious defect: they are too nearly akin to the ordinary daily round of the brain-worker to give that element of change and contrast essential to real relief. To restore psychic equilibrium we should call into use those parts of the mind which direct both eye and hand. Many men have found great advantage in practising a handicraft for pleasure. Joinery, chemistry, book-binding, even bricklaying—if one were interested in them and skilful at them—would give a real relief to the over-tired brain. But, best of all and easiest to procure are sketching and painting in all their forms. I consider myself very lucky that late in life I have been able to develop this new taste and pastime.

Painting is a companion with whom one may hope to walk a great part of life's journey.

“Age cannot wither her nor custom stale
Her infinite variety”.

One by one the more vigorous sports and exacting games fall away. Exceptional exertions are purchased only by a more pronounced and more prolonged fatigue. Muscles may relax, and feet and hands slow down; the nerve of youth and manhood may become less trusty.

But painting is a friend who makes no undue demands, excites to no exhausting pursuits, keeps faithful pace even with feeble steps, and holds her canvas as a screen between us and the envious eyes of Time or the surly advance of Decrepitude.

Happy are the painters, for they shall not be lonely. Light and colour, peace and hope, will keep them company to the end, or almost the end, of the day.

—Winston Churchill.

MODERN CIVILIZATION

[C. E. M. Joad (b. 1891) is a well-known author and University teacher. Since 1930 he has been Head of the Department of Philosophy and Psychology, Birkbeck College, University of London. He has written a number of books on philosophy, religion and other serious subjects. The present passage is taken from his *Story of Civilization* in which he briefly traces the growth of modern civilization from the earliest times. He pays at first a tribute to the present civilization for its blessings, in the form of better health, better conditions of life and an all-sided progress. But he points out at the same time that modern civilization is not without its curse. The vast growth of science in modern times has brought with it countless dangers, and not the least of them is modern destructive warfare. Though the passage was written before the present war, we are already in the thick of this new World War and can realize only too well the dangers of this modern over-praised civilization.]

Why is it, that man alone of all the animals has gone to the trouble of inventing so many devices for saving himself the labour of lifting and carrying and walking and remembering? The only answer seems to be that these things bore him; they are not the things he really wants to do, and so he gets the machines to do them for him, in order that he may have time and energy for other things, for the things he really does want to do. What things?

I cannot answer this question without saying something about the bad parts of our civilization. But it would not be fair to do this without first praising it for its good parts. What are they? . . .

Praise of our Civilization: Order and Safety.—First and foremost there are order and safety. If today I have a quarrel with another man, I do not get beaten merely because I am physically weaker and he can knock me down. I go to law, and the law will decide as fairly as it can between the two of us. Thus in disputes between man and man, right has taken the place of might. Moreover, the law protects me from robbery and violence. Nobody may come and break into my house, steal my goods or run off with my children. Of course there are burglars, but they are very rare, and the law punishes them whenever it catches them.

It is difficult for us to realize how much this safety means. Without safety those higher activities of mankind which make up civilization could not go on. The inventor could not invent, the scientist find out or the artist make beautiful things. Hence order and safety, although they are not themselves civilization, are things without which civilization would be impossible. They are as necessary to our civilization as the air we breathe is to us; and we have grown so used to them that we do not notice them any more than we notice the air.

For all that, they are both new things and rare things. Except for a short period under the Roman Empire, there have been order and safety in Europe only during the last two hundred years, and even during that time there have been two revolutions and a great many wars; ~~thus it is a great achievement of our civilization that~~ today civilized men should in their ordinary daily lives be practically free from the fear of violence.

Health.—They are also largely free from the fear of pain. They still feel ill, but, since the use of anaesthetics became common, illness is no longer the terrible thing

it used to be. And people are ill much less often. To be healthy is not to be civilized—savages are often healthy, although not so often as is usually supposed—but unless you have good health, you cannot enjoy anything or achieve anything. There have, it is true, been great men who have been invalids, but their work was done in spite of their ill-health, and, good as it was, it would have been better had they been well. Not only do men and women enjoy better health; they live longer than they ever did before, and they have a much better chance of growing up.

It Spreads Everywhere.—Thirdly, our civilization is more secure than any that have gone before it. This is because it is much more widely spread. Most of the previous civilizations known to history came to an end because vigorous but uncivilized peoples broke in upon them and destroyed them. This was the fate of Babylon and Assyria; it has happened over and over again in India and China; it brought about the end of Greece and the fall of Rome.

Now, whatever the dangers which threaten our civilization, and they are many, it seems likely to escape this one. Previous civilizations, as I have said before, were specialized and limited; they were like oases in a surrounding desert of savagery. Sooner or later the desert closed in and the oasis was no more. But today it is the oasis which is spreading over the desert. Modern civilization is a far-flung thing, it spreads over Europe and America and parts of Asia and Africa. Practically no part of the world is untouched by it. And, owing to the powers of destruction with which science has armed it, it is exceedingly unlikely that such savages or uncivilized peoples as are left in the world could prevail

against it.

The World as One.—Thus the world has now for the first time a chance of becoming a single whole, a unity. So far as buying and selling and the exchange of goods are concerned, it is a unity already. I did not mention my meals when I described my ordinary day; if I had done so, I might have taken note of the fact that the food I eat comes from all over the world. The things in a grocer's shop, for instance, are from the ends of the earth; they come out of strange countries and over far-off seas. There are oranges from Brazil, dates from Africa, rice from India, tea from China, sugar from Demerara. No great Caliph, no Eastern king, not even Solomon in all his glory, could draw on such rich stores of varied produce as the housewife who does her shopping at the grocer's. The fact that these things come to us from all over the world means that for the first time the world is becoming a single place, instead of a lot of separate places shut off from one another.

Until quite recently the nations of mankind lived in a number of separate boxes holding no communication with each other except when the people in one box invaded those in the next, and some of the boxes were never opened at all. Today there is constant coming and going between the boxes, so much so that the sides of the boxes are breaking down, and the world is beginning to look more like one enormous book. And by now all the boxes have been opened, so that there is little danger of unknown people breaking in upon our civilization from outside and destroying it. The danger comes rather from within; it is a danger from among ourselves. This brings me to our defects.

Defects of our Civilization.—Today, with certain

exceptions, there is little political oppression; men are equal before the law and in many countries have a voice in deciding how and by whom they shall be governed. But the sharing-out of money—which means the sharing-out of food and clothing and houses and books and so on—is still very unfair. In England alone one-half of all the money which is divided every year (called the national income) is received by one-seventeenth of the population; which means that one half is divided among every sixteen people, and the seventeenth person gets the other half. So, while some few people live in luxury, many have not even enough to eat and drink and wear. Again, in England today thousands of people live in dreadful surroundings. There are many families of five or six persons who live in a single room; in this room they sleep and dress and wash and eat their meals; in this same room they are born, and in this same room they die. And they live like this not for fun, but because they are too poor to afford another room.

It is, I think, clear that until everyone gets his proper share of necessary and delightful things, our civilization will be far from perfect.

The Danger of War.—A still greater danger comes from war. Although the world is, so far as the buying and selling and exchanging of goods are concerned, a single whole, there are still barriers between nation and nation, barriers erected by the governments. Sixteen years ago, from 1914 to 1918, the most destructive war that the world has known took place between the great nations of Western Europe. The causes of that war were very many, but chief among them were fear and pride. Each nation was afraid of the power of the other nations, and each nation was too proud to admit it. And

because of this fear the nations spent great quantities of money in making rifles and cannons, in building battle-ships and in training soldiers, until Europe was like a big armed camp. A single match will set a hayrick ablaze, and, with all this war material lying about, Europe was like a hayrick waiting for its match. Almost any match would do; presently somebody struck one, and Europe blew up.

In spite of this last explosion there are today many more trained soldiers in the world than there were before the last war, and the nations are spending still more money on war preparation. They still pride themselves on being good at fighting more than on anything else, and each nation always thinks that it is going to win.

A little while ago an Eastern king friendly to England, King Amanullah of Afghanistan, paid a visit to London to see what Western civilization was like. He was taken to see tanks at Lulworth Cove and bombing aeroplanes at Hendon; he was given a trip in a submarine and allowed to fire a torpedo off Spithead, but nobody took him to see the leading English poet, or indeed any poets or painters or musicians or makers of beautiful things. Nor was he taken to visit any scientists or philosophers. Three hundred years from now the Afghans reading about this visit in their history books will think the English must have been a very warlike nation who were not interested in the things of peace, and did not care enough about their civilization to want to show it off to visitors. It is, in fact, true that we are prouder of our battleships than of our poets, and spend far more money on destroying people in war than in making them happier and wiser in peace. And what is true of

England is just as true of the other countries. So long as the nations go on like this, it only wants another match to set the hayrick alight and it will blaze again. And so destructive has modern war become, that another blaze will probably burn up our civilization altogether.

What may prevent this is a body called the League of Nations. This was set up after the last war in order to provide a sort of law court for nations, to which they could bring their disputes for settlement. Just as private persons who quarrel no longer fight in the street but go to law, so, it was hoped, quarrelling nations who would previously have gone to war to settle their disputes would now go to the League of Nations instead. The League represents all the important nations of the world, and, although it is not yet strong enough to prevent wars, it may one day become so, especially if it has an international army and navy at its back which have been contributed by all the different nations who belong to it. Thus, in the League of Nations lies one of the chief hopes for the world.

The Danger from Machines.—The third great defect of our civilization is that it does not know what to do with its knowledge. Science, as we have seen, has given us powers fit for the gods, yet we use them like small children.

For example, we do not know how to manage our machines. Machines, as I have already explained, were made to be man's servants; yet he has grown so dependent on them that they are in a fair way to become his masters. Already most men spend most of their lives looking after and waiting upon machines. And the machines are very stern masters. They must be fed with coal, and given petrol to drink, and oil to wash

with, and they must be kept at the right temperature. And if they do not get their meals when they expect them, they grow sulky and refuse to work, or burst with rage, and blow up, and spread ruin and destruction all round them. So we have to wait upon them very attentively and do all that we can to keep them in a good temper. Already we find it difficult either to work or play without the machines, and a time may come when they will rule us altogether, just as we rule the animals.

What are we to do with our Time?—And this brings me back to the point at which I asked, a page or two back, "What do we do with all the time which the machines have saved for us, and the new energy they have given us?" On the whole, it must be admitted, we do very little. For the most part we use our time and energy to make more and better machines; but more and better machines will only give us still more time and still more energy, and what are we to do with them?

The answer, I think, is that we should try to become more civilized. For the machines themselves, and the power which the machines have given us, are not civilization but aids to civilization. As I said at the beginning, there is nothing particularly civilized in getting into a train. (But you will remember that we agreed at the beginning that being civilized meant making and liking beautiful things, thinking freely, and living rightly and maintaining justice equally between man and man.) Man has a better chance today to do these things than he ever had before; he has more time, more energy, less to fear and less to fight against. If he will give this time and energy which his machines have won for him to making more beautiful things, to finding out

more and more about the universe, to removing the causes of quarrels between nations, to discovering how to prevent poverty, then I think our civilization would undoubtedly be the greatest, as it would be the most lasting that there has ever been.

—C. E. M. Joad.

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XXII

THE BISHOP'S CANDLESTICKS

[Norman McKinnel (1870-1932), the author of the famous one-act play, 'The Bishop's Candlesticks', which is reproduced here in a slightly abridged form, and two others, was a noted English actor. The plot of this play has been taken from certain incidents at the beginning of the famous French novel, *Les Misérables*, by Victor Hugo. But at the skilful hands of Mr. McKinnel these minor incidents have been transformed into a brilliant and thrilling play. The play presents an exciting situation. A famished and ill-treated convict, evidently angry with the world for his miserable life, comes to a bishop's house and is hospitably received and fed by the kind bishop, though the convict threatens him with death. But the convict returns the hospitality by robbing his host of his most precious heirlooms, his silver candlesticks, and it is only the nobility of the bishop that saves him from another long imprisonment. The three characters in the play, the bishop with his truly Christian ideal of life, his practical and shrewd sister and the dark-souled convict are all vividly painted. But it is chiefly the bishop and his ideal—return evil with good—that shine out most brightly.]

[Enter the BISHOP and his sister PERSOME, who is also his housekeeper. He has been selling his possessions one by one to aid the needy and the poor, much to the sorrow of his sister.]

Persome. You'll sell your candlesticks next.

Bishop [*with real concern*]. No, no, sister, not my candlesticks.

Persome. Oh! Why not? They would pay somebody's rent, I suppose.

Bishop. Ah, you are good, sister, to think of that; but—but I don't want to sell them. You see, dear, my mother gave them to me on—on her death-bed just after you were born, and—and she asked me to keep them in remembrance of her, so I would like to keep them; but perhaps it is a sin to set such store by them?

Persome. Brother, brother, you will break my heart [*with tears in her voice*]. There! don't say anything more. Kiss me and give me your blessing. I am going to bed. [*They kiss.*]

[*BISHOP makes the sign of the cross and murmurs a blessing. PERSOME locks cupboard door and goes.*]

Persome. Don't sit up too long and tire your eyes.

Bishop. No dear! Good night! [*PERSOME exits.*]

Bishop [*comes to table and opens a book, then looks up at the candlesticks*]. They would pay somebody's rent. It was kind of her to think of that. [*He stirs the fire, trims the lamp, arranges some books and papers, sits down, is restless, shivers slightly; clock outside strikes twelve and he settles to read. Enter the CONVICT stealthily; he has a long knife and seizes the BISHOP from behind.*]

Convict. If you call out you are a dead man!

Bishop. But, my friend, as you see, I am reading. Why should I call out? Can I help you in any way?

Convict [*hoarsely*]. I want food. I'm starving. I haven't eaten anything for three days. Give me food quickly, quickly, curse you.

Persome. Prison ?

Convict [*cutting off an enormous slice, which he tears with his fingers like an animal. Then starts.*] What was that ? [*He looks at the door.*] Why the devil do you leave the window unshuttered and the door unbarred so that any one can come in ? [*Shutting them.*]

Bishop. That is why they are left open.

Convict. Well, they are shut now !

Bishop [*sighs*]. For the first time in thirty years.

[*CONVICT eats voraciously and throws a bone on the floor.*]

Persome. Oh, my nice clean floor !

[*BISHOP picks up the bone and puts it on plate.*]

Convict. You're not afraid of thieves ?

Bishop. I am sorry for them.

Convict. Sorry for them. Ha ! ha ! ha ! [*Drinks from bottle.*] That's a good one. Sorry for them. Ha ! ha ! ha ! [*Drinks.*] [*Suddenly.*] What the devil are you ?

Bishop. I am a Bishop.

Convict. Ha ! ha ! ha ! A Bishop. Holy Virgin, a Bishop. Well, I'm damned !

Bishop. I hope you may escape that, my son. Persome, you may leave us : this gentleman will excuse you.

Persome. Leave you with——

Bishop. Please ! My friend and I can talk more—freely then.

[*By this time, owing to his starving condition, the wine has affected the CONVICT.*]

Convict. What's that ? Leave us. Yes, yes, leave us. Good-night. I want to talk to the Bishop. The Bishop. Ha ! ha ! [*Laughs as he drinks, and coughs.*]

Bishop. Good-night, Persome. [*He holds the door open and she goes out, holding in her skirts as she passes the CONVICT.*]

Convict [*chuckling to himself*]. The Bishop. Ha! ha! Well, I'm—[*Suddenly very loudly.*] D'you know what I am?

Bishop. I think one who has suffered much.

Convict. Suffered? [*Puzzled.*] Suffered? My God, yes. [*Drinks.*] But that's a long time ago. Ha! ha! That was when I was a man. Now I'm not a man; now I'm a number: number 15,729, and I've lived in Hell for ten years.

Bishop. Tell me about it—about Hell.

Convict. Why? [*Suspiciously.*] Do you want to tell the police—to set them on my track?

Bishop. No! I will not tell the police.

Convict [*Looks at him earnestly*]. I believe you [*scratching his head*], but damn me if I know why.

Bishop [*laying his hand on the CONVICT's arm*]. Tell me about the time—the time before you went to—Hell.

Convict. It's so long ago I forget; but I had a little cottage, there were vines growing on it. [*Dreamily.*] They looked pretty with the evening sun on them, and, and—there was a woman—she was [*thinking hard*—she must have been my wife—yes. [*Suddenly and very rapidly.*] Yes, I remember! She was ill, we had no food, I could get no work, it was a bad year, and my wife, my Jeanette, was ill, dying [*pause*], so I stole to buy her food. [*Long pause; the BISHOP gently pats his hand.*] They caught me. I pleaded to them, I told them why I stole, but they laughed at me, and I was sentenced to ten years in the prison hulks [*pause*], ten years in Hell. The night I was sentenced the gaoler

told me—told me Jeanette was dead. [*Sobs with fury.*] Ah, damn them, damn them, God curse them all. [*He sinks on the table sobbing.*]

Bishop. Now tell me about the prison ship, about Hell.

Convict. Tell you about it? Look here, I was a man once. I'm a beast now, and they made me what I am. They chained me up like a wild animal, they lashed me like a hound. I fed on filth, I was covered with vermin, I slept on boards, and I complained. Then they lashed me again. For ten years, ten years. Oh God! They took away my name, they took away my soul, and they gave me a devil in its place; but one day they were careless, one day they forgot to chain up their wild beast, and he escaped. He was free. That was six weeks ago. I was free, free to starve.

Bishop. To starve?

Convict. Yes, to starve. They feed you in Hell, but when you escape from it you starve. They were hunting me everywhere, and I had no passport, no name. So I stole again. I stole these rags. I stole my food daily. I slept in the woods, in barns, anywhere. I dare not ask for work, I dare not go into a town to beg, so I stole, and they have made me what I am, they have made me a thief. God curse them all. [*Empties the bottle and throws it into the fireplace, smashing it.*]

Bishop. My son, you have suffered much, but there is hope for all.

Convict. Hope! Hope! Ha! ha! ha! [*Laughs wildly.*]

Bishop. You have walked far; you are tired. Lie down and sleep on the couch there and I will get you some coverings.

Convict. And if anyone comes ?

Bishop. No one will come, but if they do, are you not my friend ?

Convict. Your friend ? [Puzzled.]

Bishop. They will not molest the Bishop's friend.

Convict. The Bishop's friend [scratching his head utterly puzzled].

Bishop. I will get the coverings. [Exit.]

Convict [Looks after him, scratches his head]. The Bishop's friend ! [He goes to the fire to warm himself and notices the candlesticks. He looks round, to see if he is alone and takes them down, weighing them.] Silver, by God, and heavy. What a prize ! [He hears the BISHOP coming, and in his haste drops one candlestick on the table.]

[Enter the BISHOP.]

Bishop [Sees what is going on, but goes to settle up with coverings]. Ah, you are admiring my candlesticks. I am proud of them. They were a gift from my mother. A little too handsome for this poor cottage perhaps, but all I have to remind me of her. Your bed is ready. Will you lie down now ?

Convict. Yes, yes, I'll lie down now. [Puzzled.] Look here, why the devil are you—ki—kind to me ? [Suspiciously.] What do you want ? Eh ?

Bishop. I want you to have a good sleep, my friend.

Convict. I believe you want to convert me ; save my soul, don't you call it ? Well it's no good—see ? I don't want any damned religion.

Bishop. Won't you lie down now ? It is late ?

Convict [grumbling]. Well, all right ; but I won't be preached at, I—I—[On couch] You're sure no one will come ?

Bishop. I don't think they will; but if they do—you yourself have locked the door.

Convict. Humph! I wonder if it's safe? [*He goes to the door and tries it, then turns and sees the BISHOP holding the covering, annoyed*] Here! you go to bed. I'll cover myself. [*The BISHOP hesitates.*] Go on, I tell you.

Bishop. Good-night, my son. [*Exit.*]

[CONVICT waits till he is off, then tries the BISHOP'S door.]

Convict. No lock, of course. Curse it. [*Looks round and sees the candlesticks again.*] Humph! I'll have another look at them. [*He takes them up and toys with them.*] Worth hundreds, I'll warrant. If I had these turned into money they'd start me fair. Humph! The old boy's fond of them too, said his mother gave him them. His mother, yes. They didn't think of my mother when they sent me to Hell. He was kind to me too—but what's a Bishop for except to be kind to you? Here, cheer up, my hearty, you're getting soft. God! wouldn't my chain mates laugh to see 15,729 hesitating about collaring the plunder because he felt good. Good! Ha! ha! Oh, my God! Good! Ha! ha! 15,729, getting soft. That's a good one. Ha! ha! No, I'll take his candlesticks and go. If I stay here he'll preach at me in the morning and I'll get soft. Damn him and his preaching too. Here goes! [*He takes the candlesticks, stows them in his coat, and cautiously exits. As he does so the door slams.*]

Persome [*without*]. Who's there? Who's there, I say? Am I to get no sleep to-night? Who's there, I say? [*Enter PERSOME.*] I'm sure I heard the door shut. [*Looks round.*] No one here? [*Knocks at*

Bishop. I don't think they will; but if they do you yourself have locked the door.

Convict. Humph! I wonder if it's safe? [*He goes to the door and tries it, then turns and sees the Bishop holding the covering, annoyed*] Here! you go to! I'll cover myself. [*The Bishop hesitates.*] Go on, I'll do you.

Bishop. Good-night, my son. [*Exit.*]

[*Convict waits till he is off, then tries the Bishop's door.*]

Convict. No lock, of course. Curse it. [*Looks round and sees the candlesticks again.*] Humph! I'll have another look at them. [*He takes them up and looks at them with them.*] Worth hundreds, I'll warrant. If I could turn these into money they'd start me fair. Humph! The old boy's fond of them too, said his mother to him them. His mother, yes. They didn't think of him when they sent me to Hell. He was kind to me too—but what's a Bishop for except to be kind to you? Here, cheer up, my hearty, you're getting soft. I wouldn't my chain mates laugh to see 15,729 hesitate about collaring the plunder because he felt good. Good! Ha! ha! Oh, my God! Good! Ha! ha! 15,729, getting soft. That's a good one. Ha! ha! No, I'll take the candlesticks and go. If I stay here he'll preach in the morning and I'll get soft. Damn him for preaching too. Here goes! [*He takes the candlesticks, stows them in his coat, and cautiously exits. As he goes so the door slams.*]

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[*Enter BISHOP.*]

Bishop. What is it dear, what is it? What is the matter?

Persome. He has gone. The man with the hungry eyes has gone, and he has taken your candlesticks.

Bishop. Not my candlesticks, sister, surely not those? [*He looks and sighs.*] Ah, that is hard, very hard. I, I—He might have left me those. They were all I had [*almost breaking down*].

Persome. Well, but go and inform the police. He can't have gone far. They will soon catch him, and you'll get the candlesticks back again. You don't deserve them, though, leaving them about with a man like that in the house.

Bishop. You are right, Persome. It was my fault. I led him into temptation.

Persome. Oh, nonsense! led him into temptation indeed! The man is a thief, a common scoundrelly thief. I knew it the moment I saw him. Go and inform the police or I will. [*Going; but he stops her.*]

Bishop. And have him sent back to prison, [*very softly*] sent back to Hell! No, Persome. It is a just punishment for me; I set too great store by them. It was a sin. My punishment is just; but, oh God, it is hard, it is very hard. [*He buries his head in his hands.*]

Persome. No, brother, you are wrong. If you won't tell the police, I will. I will not stand by and see you robbed. I know you are my brother and my Bishop, and the best man in all France; but you are a fool, I tell you, a child. and I will not have your goodness

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Bishop. Good-night, my son. [*Exit.*]

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Persome. Well, but go and inform the police. He can't have gone far. They will soon catch him, and you'll get the candlesticks back again. You don't deserve them, though, leaving them about with a man like that in the house.

Bishop. You are right, Persome. It was my fault. I led him into temptation.

Persome. Oh, nonsense! led him into temptation indeed! The man is a thief, a common scoundrelly thief. I knew it the moment I saw him. Go and inform the police or I will. [*Going; but he stops her.*]

Bishop. And have him sent back to prison, [*very softly*] sent back to Hell! No, Persome. It is a just punishment for me; I set too great store by them. It was a sin. My punishment is just; but, oh God, it is hard, it is very hard. [*He buries his head in his hands.*]

Persome. No, brother, you are wrong. If you won't tell the police, I will. I will not stand by and see you robbed. I know you are my brother and my Bishop, and the best man in all France; but you are a fool, I tell you, a child, and I will not have your goodness

Bishop. I don't think they will; but if they do—you yourself have locked the door.

Convict. Humph! I wonder if it's safe? [*He goes to the door and tries it, then turns and sees the BISHOP holding the covering, annoyed*] Here! you go to bed. I'll cover myself. [*The BISHOP hesitates.*] Go on, I tell you.

Bishop. Good-night, my son. [*Exit.*]

[CONVICT waits till he is off, then tries the BISHOP'S door.]

Convict. No lock, of course. Curse it. [*Looks round and sees the candlesticks again.*] Humph! I'll have another look at them. [*He takes them up and toys with them.*] Worth hundreds, I'll warrant. If I had these turned into money they'd start me fair. Humph! The old boy's fond of them too, said his mother gave him them. His mother, yes. They didn't think of my mother when they sent me to Hell. He was kind to me too—but what's a Bishop for except to be kind to you? Here, cheer up, my hearty, you're getting soft. God! wouldn't my chain mates laugh to see 15,729 hesitating about collaring the plunder because he felt good. Good! Ha! ha! Oh, my God! Good! Ha! ha! 15,729, getting soft. That's a good one. Ha! ha! No, I'll take his candlesticks and go. If I stay here he'll preach at me in the morning and I'll get soft. Damn him and his preaching too. Here goes! [*He takes the candlesticks, stows them in his coat, and cautiously exits. As he does so the door slams.*]

Persome [*without*]. Who's there? Who's there, I say? Am I to get no sleep to-night? Who's there, I say? [*Enter PERSOME.*] I'm sure I heard the door shut. [*Looks round.*] No one here? [*Knocks at*

the BISHOP'S door. *Sees the candlesticks have gone.*] The candlesticks, the candlesticks. They are gone. Brother, brother, come out. Fire, murder, thieves!

[Enter BISHOP.]

Bishop. What is it dear, what is it? What is the matter?

Persome. He has gone. The man with the hungry eyes has gone, and he has taken your candlesticks.

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Bishop. Good-night, my son. [*Exit.*]

[*CONVICT waits till he is off, then tries the Bishop's door.*]

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candlesticks.

Sergeant [incredulously]. You gave him—him your candlesticks? Holy Virgin!

Bishop [severely]. Remember, my son, that she is holy.

Sergeant [saluting]. Pardon, Monseigneur.

Bishop. And now I think you may let your prisoner go.

Sergeant. But he won't show me his papers; he won't tell me who he is.

Bishop. I have told you he is my friend.

Sergeant. Yes, that's all very well, but——

Bishop. He is your Bishop's friend; surely that is enough.

Sergeant. Well, but——

Bishop. Surely? [A pause.]

[The SERGEANT and the BISHOP look at each other.]

Sergeant. I—I—Humph! [To his men.] Loose the prisoner. [They do so.] Right about turn, quick march!

[Exit SERGEANT and GENDARMES. A long pause.]

Convict [very slowly, as if in a dream]. You told them you had given me the candlesticks—given me them: By God!

Persome [shaking her fist at him and hugging the candlesticks to her breast]. Oh, you scoundrel, you pitiful scoundrel. You come here, and are fed, and warmed, and—and you thief; steal from your benefactor. Oh, you blackguard.

Bishop. Persome, you are overwrought. Go to your room.

Persome. What, and leave you with him to be cheated again, perhaps murdered? No, I will not.

Bishop [with slight severity]. Persome, leave us. I

abused. I shall go and inform the police. *[Going.]*

Bishop. Stop, Persome. The candlesticks were mine; they are his now. It is better so. He has more need of them than I. My mother would have wished it so had she been here.

Persome. But— *[Great knocking without.]*

Sergeant *[without]*. Monseigneur, Monseigneur, we have something for you. May we enter?

Bishop. Enter, my son.

[Enter SERGEANT and three GENDARMES with CONVICT bound. The SERGEANT carries the candlesticks.]

Persome. Ah, so they have caught you, villain, have they?

Sergeant. Yes, madam, we found this scoundrel slinking along the road, and as he wouldn't give any account of himself we arrested him on suspicion. Holy Virgin, isn't he strong and didn't he struggle? While we were securing him those candlesticks fell out of his pockets.

[PERSONE seizes them, goes to table, and brushes them with her apron, lovingly.]

I remembered the candlesticks of Monseigneur the Bishop, so we brought him here that you might identify them, and then we'll lock him up.

[The BISHOP and the CONVICT have been looking at each other—the CONVICT with dogged defiance.]

Bishop. But—but I don't understand; this gentleman is my very good friend.

Sergeant. Your friend, Monseigneur! Holy Virgin!! well!!!

Bishop. Yes, my friend. He did me the honour to sup with me to-night, and I—I have given him the

candlesticks.

Sergeant [*incredulously*]. You gave him—him your candlesticks? Holy Virgin!

Bishop [*severely*]. Remember, my son, that she is holy.

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Persome. What, and leave you with him to be cheated again, perhaps murdered? No, I will not.

Bishop [*with slight severity*]. Persome, leave us. I

wish it.

[*She looks hard at him, then turns towards her door.*]

Persome. Well, if I must go, at least I'll take the candlesticks with me.

Bishop [*more severely*]. Persome, place the candlesticks on that table and leave us.

Persome [*defiantly*]. I will not!

Bishop [*loudly and with great severity*]. I, your Bishop, command it.

[*PERSOME does so with great reluctance and exits.*]

Convict [*shamefacedly*]. Monseigneur, I'm glad I didn't get away with them; curse me, I am. I'm glad.

Bishop. Now won't you sleep here? See, your bed is ready.

Convict. No! [*Looking at the candlesticks*] No! no! I daren't, I daren't. Besides, I must go on, I must get to Paris; it is big, and I—I can be lost there. They won't find me there. And I must travel at night. Do you understand?

Bishop. I see—you must travel by night.

Convict. I—I—didn't believe there was any good in the world; one doesn't when one has been in Hell; but somehow I—I—know you're good, and—and it's a queer thing to ask, but—but could you, would you bless me before I go? I—I think it would help me. I—[*Hangs his head very shamefacedly.*]

[*BISHOP makes sign of the cross and murmurs blessing.*]

Convict [*Tries to speak, but a sob almost chokes him*]. Good-night. [*He hurries towards the door.*]

Bishop. Stay, my son, you have forgotten your property [*giving him the candlesticks*].

Convict. You mean me—you want me to take them?

Bishop. Please : they may help you.

[*The CONVICT takes the candlesticks in absolute amazement.*]

Bishop. And, my son, there is a path through the woods at the back of this cottage which leads to Paris : it is a very lonely path, and I have noticed that my good friends the gendarmes do not like lonely paths at night. It is curious.

Convict. Ah, thanks, thanks, Monseigneur. I—I—
[*He sobs.*] Ah ! I'm a fool, a child to cry, but somehow you have made me feel that—that it is just as if something had come into me—as if I were a man again and not a wild beast. [*The door at back is open and the CONVICT is standing in it.*]

Bishop [*putting his hand on his shoulder*]. Always remember, my son, that this poor body is the Temple of the Living God.

Convict [*with great awe*]. The Temple of the Living God. I'll remember. [*Exit.*]

[*The BISHOP closes the door and goes quietly to the Prie-dieu in the window, he sinks on his knees, and bows his head in prayer.*]

—Norman McKinnel.

NOTES

I

MY LORD, THE BABY

P. 1. This was compensated for, amends were made to Raicharan for the loss of his influence.

P. 2. *unsparing attentions*, continuous loving care.

a look of awe and mystery, a look full of admiration, respect and wonder at the baby's skill, especially at such a tender age.

ingenuity, skill in managing.

ceremonial pride, pride combined with a 'good deal of unnecessary show.

P. 3. *despot*, (lit.) a tyrant, one who rules as he pleases; (here) the baby which always used to have its own way.

rifted, with an opening.

The silent . . . sun, the slow and majestic setting of the sun compared to a silent and solemn ceremony.

mud-flat, a stretch of muddy land left uncovered at low tide.

P. 4. *at his wit's end*, unable to find out ways to make the baby forget.

his blood . . . him, he was completely terrified.

P. 5. *a lurking doubt*, a doubt which remains almost unnoticed in the mind.

P. 6. *his heart . . . ribs*, his heart began to beat wildly owing to surprise and excitement.

P. 7. *body and soul*, both bodily and mentally; entirely.

unaccountably crazy, behaving in a strange and mad manner which nobody can explain.

P. 8. *condescension*, kindly behaviour especially by a superior towards inferiors.

P. 9. *mendicant quack*, a beggar who pretends to be skilful in prescribing efficacious country medicines.

P. 10. *the magistrate in him*, the habit Anukul had developed, as a judge, of never accepting a statement without proof.

P. 11. *magisterial conscience*, the magistrate's (Anukul's) mind which believes that an offender cannot be forgiven.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Give the meanings of—epoch, ecstasy, shafts, stealthily, overwhelming, compensated for, finery, condescension, brook, obeisance, futility, magisterial, obdurate, birthright.
2. Differentiate—presently, at present; judicial, judicious; ingenuity, ingenuousness; until, as long as; current, currant; ceremonial, ceremonious; mendicant, medical, mendacious; reins, rains, reigns. Frame sentences using these words.
3. What is a simile? Give examples from this story.
4. Explain the italicised words in :
 - (a) Across the water, on the farther side, the clouds were rifted in the west. The silent ceremonial of the setting sun was revealed in all its glowing splendour.
 - (b) With his face wreathed in smiles.
 - (c) The heart of Anukul brimmed over with a sudden rush of affection. Nevertheless the magistrate in him asked : "Have you any proof?"
5. Tell the story briefly in your own words.
6. Write an essay on "A Rainy Day".

II

HUNTED BY BLOODHOUNDS

P. 13. *beating the devil's . . . heels*, repeatedly beating in the air with his legs; falling on the ground with legs in the air.

a race for life or death, running to save their lives, for otherwise death was certain.

a stiff hazel coppice, a small thick wood of hazel, a kind of bush through which it is difficult to walk.

P. 14. *blind paths*, paths which cannot be traced.

tortuous, difficult to cross or walk through.

having learned . . . danger itself, having been accustomed as a soldier not to care for danger, even at the time of the greatest danger.

P. 15. *to stand at bay*, to stand in a firm position and give fight. *rude life*, a life of dangers and adventures.

Spartan fortitude, courage such as a Spartan alone could show. Sparta was an ancient nation which trained her people in the qualities of endurance, courage, great strength, etc.

unerring instinct, natural gift of following exactly, with the help of scent, the path of anybody it is hunting.

forfeit, in danger of being lost owing to offence.

P. 16. be a man, have courage; don't lose heart.

where . . . foes, where their large numbers will not at all help our enemies.

a dogged hopeless air, a face which showed obstinacy and despair at the same time.

P. 17. plucking up heart, taking courage.

brain, break the head with something heavy.

P. 18. death-knell, (here) the bloodhound's cry which suggested certain death.

strung up, highly excited.

P. 19. the head . . . shoulders, nobody among them clever enough to catch Gerald.

P. 21. chaste living, a pure and simple life.

grit, and . . . than ever, powers of endurance and a plain life were able to succeed completely.

Dierich's forty . . . bullets, being forty years old, Dierich was seriously handicapped, like a man against whom bullets are being fired.

Our cake is dough, what we took to be quite certain, now appears impossible.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Frame sentences to illustrate the exact meaning of—headed, tailed off, the devil's tattoo, shouldered, blind paths, tortuous, Spartan fortitude, forfeit, hooping and hallooing, at bay, to stand at bay, on all fours, canter, to brain.

2. Explain:

(a) The others might escape for aught he cared.

(b) "Boy!" roared Martin, "the Gallows! Follow me."

(c) "Nay, nay! the head to catch him is not on their shoulders."

(d) Here youth, and grit, and sober living told more than ever.

(e) "Our cake is dough," he gasped.

(f) Gerard ran them all to a standstill.

3. How did Gerard elude the bloodhounds?

4. Analyse:

"My life on't they have taken him to where Ghysbrecht fell,

and from the dead man's blood to the man that shed it that cursed hound will lead them, though Gerard should run through an army or swim the Meuse."

5. Rewrite in the indirect form of narration the dialogue from "Hush" said Martin, to "Girl, it's a bloodhound." (pp. 14 & 15.)
6. Describe the most exciting event of your life.

III

THE FLOOD

P. 23. *the Floss*, the big river (now called the Trent) on which the mill was situated.

arrested, stopped.

incessant, without any stop; continuous.

equinox, time at which the sun crosses the equator and day and night are equal; the autumnal equinox, i.e., 22nd September, is meant here.

thought lightly . . . forebodings, did not attach much value to the unhappy memories of the old men and their forecast of grave danger.

P. 24. *shivers*, (usu. pl.) small pieces, splinters.

prow, fore-part of the boat.

mooring, chain.

P. 25. *the threads of ordinary associations*, ideas naturally following one another; the natural connection of ideas.

waked . . . consciousness, brought clearly to her mind a more complete idea of her position.

overhanging gloom, darkness overhead.

awful visitation of God, appearance or manifestation of God in some terrible concrete form.

which had . . . dreams, which had ruined her childish ambitions and hopes by filling them with terror; nightmare = terrifying dream.

P. 26. *curtain of gloom*, deep darkness spread everywhere like a dark curtain.

the gradual . . . firmament, the slow rise of clouds in the sky, bringing light thereby below.

an undefined sense of reconciliation, a vague feeling of being friendly with her brother again.

the artificial . . . life, the outward or unimportant covering of our life.

P. 27. *resurgent*, rising again.

the Ripple, a small river, a tributary of the Floss.

agony of dread, extremely painful fear.

St. Ogg's, a market town and river port; modern Gainsborough.

P. 28. *Colour was . . . now*, light of the early dawn was now appearing.

P. 29. *the depths*, the noblest or most profound feelings.

eyes of intense life, eyes full of deep feelings of love.

beaten, dejected.

P. 30. *clinging . . . fellowship*, joined together in a destructive combination.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What were Maggie Tulliver's experiences from the time she left her riverside house till her arrival at Dorlcote Mill?

or

"There was an undefined sense of reconciliation with her brother." How were brother and sister reconciled?

2. Write out the meanings of—equinox, a-jar, lanthorn, cessation, visitation, resurgent, transient, wharves.

3. Turn into the indirect speech, as reported (a) by Maggie, (b) by Tom:

She called out in a loud, piercing voice, "Tom, where are you. . . . Give me the oars, Maggie". (pp. 28 & 29.)

4. Rewrite so as to bring out the full meaning of:

(a) What quarrel, what harshness . . . in primitive mortal needs. (p. 26.)

(b) It came with so overpowering a force . . . miraculous, divinely, protected effort. (p. 29.)

(c) The boat re-appeared . . . daisied fields together. (p. 30.)

5. Write an essay on "The Ravages of Nature".

IV

THE MAKER OF MODERN TURKEY

P. 31. ran wild, led an irregular life.

P. 33. slogan, motto of a party.

imperial millstones, obstacles which the old empire had created in the path of progress.

P. 34. shackles, chains.

P. 35. innovation, new changes.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Show how "Mustafa Kemal Pasha is indeed the benefactor of his country and a patriot in the truest sense of the word".
2. Explain :
 - (a) His slogan was "Turkey for the Turks".
 - (b) The Treaty of Lausanne was signed . . . hung around her neck. (p. 33.)
3. Insert appropriate prepositions in the places left blank :
 - (a) He soon became skilled ——— military matters.
 - (b) The people groaned ——— heavy taxation.
 - (c) He found himself ——— nothing to do ; he felt dissatisfied ——— the way ——— which Turkey was being ruled.
 - (d) They wanted peace ——— any price.
 - (e) There were a hundred obstacles ——— the achievement ——— his desire.
 - (f) Once again he was faced ——— a nation weary ——— struggle and effort, asking only to be allowed to slip back ——— the old traditions and routine.
 - (g) I will lead my people ——— the hand ——— the road.
 - (h) Constant striving ——— our aim ——— life will surely end ——— success.
4. Write on "M. K. Gandhi, the Maker of Modern India".

V

A LETTER BY HAZLITT TO HIS SON

P. 36. indifferent, not quite good.

P. 37. anticipate, expect.

bad reasoning, wrong way of thinking.

disarm their hostility, remove their unfriendliness.

pique, ill-feeling.

to keep up appearances, to make a show.

idle sneers, meaningless ironical laughter.

P. 38. *dupe*, one who is cheated.

concern, loving care, regard.

will get the better of this, will conquer this weakness of having your own way everywhere.

humouring, satisfying.

consequence, importance.

thwarted, defeated, opposed.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What advice has Hazlitt given to his son for his conduct in life?
2. Imagine yourself to be the son of Hazlitt and relate to him in a letter your first experiences at school.
3. Write a letter to a firm ordering a cricket bat or a football or hockey stick. Write out the address for the envelope.
4. Write a letter to the headmaster of your school, asking for a leaving certificate.
5. Parse the italicised words:
 - (a) I wish to leave you some advice, *both* that it may be of use to you and as something to remember me *by*.
 - (b) You *durst say* that they were a set of disagreeable people, meaning the people at school.
 - (c) Otherwise, your *saying* that you should not like it was *determining* that you would not like it.
 - (d) That is one chief reason for *you being* sent to school.
 - (e) *The more* airs of childish self-importance you give yourself, you will *only* expose yourself to be *the more* thwarted and laughed at. True equality is the *only* true morality. Remember always that you are *but one* among others.

VI

THE PRIZE POEM

P. 40. *misanthropic*, hating mankind.

P. 41. *chuckling*, laughing with closed mouth, enjoying immensely the idea that his conditions will create confusion.

But the evil . . . then, from Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.

bards goaded to despair, poets driven to despair.

bequest, money, etc., left by will.

hailed this ready market, welcomed this fine opportunity.

The chains were thrown off, the hard conditions for the prize were removed.

By Jove, exclamation expressing surprise or wish. cf. "Great Scott" expressing surprise; "Great Caesar", impatience.

the Remove, a division or form of the school.

one role . . . himself, one very important qualification he imagined to be in himself.

P. 42. is a cert. for that, (slang) is certain to get the prize. asperity, rough manner.

the Old Man, the Principal; cf. the Old 'Un, the old one, the nickname by which he was known.

Imposing pile, magnificent buildings of the school.

entranced with his ingenuity, greatly pleased with his own skill.

P. 43. edition de luxe, fine and expensive edition of a book in an excellent binding; the stanza nicely copied on a piece of paper.

"thorough draught", a strong current of wind.

two editions . . . College, humorous description of two copies of the stanza.

a closed book, a thing of the past, a forgotten affair.

to hammer out . . . muster, to construct with great difficulty a poem that would be considered good enough for . . .

P. 44. afflatus, inspiration.

dashed neat, (slang) really good.

lump, accept somehow, put up with.

during-prep. siesta, sleep during the time meant for preparation. siesta = mid-day sleep.

fag, junior who does service for a senior student (in English schools).

tag, rhyme, e.g., won and done, me and thee, etc.

ripping, (slang) splendid.

P. 46. equal to, capable of preparing.

flippant, undignified.

squiffy (tut!) in parts, bad in some parts; tut! shows the headmaster's disapproval of the word "Squiffy" which means slightly drunk. As a teacher he is very particular about the proper use of words.

taking part . . . programme, surprising part of the competition.

P. 47. *pulling* . . . leg, making a fool of you.

collusion, secret, underhand arrangement by competitors joining together to deceive the authorities.

P. 48. *prevaricate*, give evasive answers.

exonerated, freed from blame.

P. 49. *immortal fire*, poetic inspiration.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Explain :

Sonnets and odes; edition de luxe; pass muster; poetic afflatus; within the meaning of the act; pulling your dignified leg; the immortal fire.

2. What are the following abbreviations for :

M.C.C., MSS., cert., prep., M.A., e.g., viz., etc.?

3. "The chains were thrown off after a period of twenty-seven years in this fashion." Describe the fashion in one paragraph.

4. What is meant by humour? Give examples from this story and from the next.

5. Correct where necessary :

(a) How did you enjoy at Bombay?

(b) No sooner the teacher came in class, then all the boys remained quiet.

(c) How truly sweet it is for such as me to gaze on thee.

(d) He hoped that I may pass the examination.

(e) If I would have arrived a minute before, I would not have missed the train.

(f) Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.

(g) I have lived in this place since a year.

(h) You liked the book very much, is it?

VII

MR. JINGLE TO THE RESCUE

P. 51. *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, a monastery and church in London.

Golden Cross, the name of an inn.

a bob's worth, a fare worth only a shilling. (Note that the lower class characters in this passage use 'v' in place of 'w'.)

P. 53. *sparring away like clockwork*, acting like a boxer, and moving his fists rapidly, in the manner of wheels in a clock.

P. 54. *arter aggerawotin'*, (= after aggravating), after forcing. *hot-pieman or pastry vendor*, sweet-meat seller.

acts of personal aggression, acts of violence against the bodies of Mr. Pickwick and others.

P. 55. *the infallible process . . . countenances*, the successful manner of making way by pushing their faces with his elbows.

P. 56. *swallow-tails*, a swallow-tailed coat, i.e., a dress coat with narrow pointed ends.

at the imminent . . . back, with the possible risk of the coat being torn at the back.

stock, stiff band of leather or other material formerly worn round the neck.

air of jaunty impudence, look of jolly boldness.

handled his fives, used his fists.

P. 57. *Jemmy*, great coat; *'cod*, an oath; *punch*, strike with a fist; *gammon*, nonsense.

a five, a five-pound note.

Brummagem (Birmingham) buttons, cheap showy type of buttons made in Birmingham.

no go, (the bad silver coin he has) won't be accepted at all.

P. 58. *Whitchall*, one of the palaces of the English kings. Charles I and his execution are referred to here.

he didn't keep a sharp look out, was not prudent enough to know his own interest and quarrelled with the Parliament.

revolution of July, Revolution in France in July, 1830.

Mars by day, *Apollo by night*, (Mars, God of War) a soldier during day-time, and (Apollo, God of Music) a poet at night.

bang . . . lyre, firing guns during day-time, and composing poetry at night.

cut and slash, attacking and killing the enemies.

P. 59. *bestowing . . . glances*, looking in a manner which was not worthy of the dignity of the members of the Pickwick Club.

P. 60. *In this strain . . . parenthesis*, talking in this manner with a break only when he drank, now and then, a glass of ale.

P. 61. *Sarcophagus*, stone coffin, usually adorned with sculpture or inscription.

rum fellows, strange fellows.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Describe the appearance of Mr. Jingle.
2. Describe any street fight that you have witnessed.
3. Give in your own words the meaning of the paragraph beginning with "The mob had hitherto been passive spectators". (p. 54.)
4. Complete, by filling up the gaps, Mr. Jingle's story of the dog Ponto or of Donna Christina and her father.
5. Give as many examples of simile as you can from this extract.
6. Briefly, what is your impression of Mr. Pickwick and his companions.
7. Explain :
 - (a) Mars by day, Apollo by night.
 - (b) Accidents will happen—best regulated families—never say die—down upon your luck—pull him up—put that in his pipe—like the flavour—confounded rascals.

VIII

A NIGHT AMONG THE PINES

P. 63. *drove road*, a road meant for herds or flocks.

P. 64. *which do not . . . ridge*, which cannot grow very high on these mountain heights.

a dell of green turf, a small valley full of green grass.

'*In a more . . . haunted*', from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Bk. IV ; sequestered, secluded, solitary ; *Faunus*, Latin rural god with horns and tail.

Modestine, the donkey with which the writer travelled.

sack, sleeping bag.

a dead monotonous period, a dull and uninteresting time without any activity.

in the face of Nature, in the surrounding natural scenery. Nature is here looked upon as a sort of Goddess.

What seems . . . curtains, what is a deep sleep (which is a sort of temporary death) to people sleeping on curtained beds within closed rooms.

P. 65. *inaudible summons*, a mysterious call. R. L. S. says that nobody can explain why those who sleep out of doors awake at midnight.

the deepest read in these arcana, have a thorough knowledge of these mysteries; *arcana* always in plural.

nightly resurrection, waking from sleep every night; *resurrection*, rising of Christ from the grave; rising again of men on the last day.

the luxurious Montaigne, a famous French essayist, a great lover of life.

the Bastille of civilization, our modern civilization which is a sort of prison-house; *Bastille*, the great prison in Paris burnt by the mob during the French Revolution.

internal cold aspersion, drinking cold water; *aspersion*, besprinkling with.

P. 66. *the congregated nightcaps*, the crowd of people sleeping at the inn.

nocturnal prowesses, night adventures.

There was . . . performance, there was more of jollity than art in his singing.

P. 67. *trolled with ample lungs*, sang carelessly in a loud voice.

lit internally with wine, with a sort of mental intoxication, with a very happy mind.

a broad streak of . . . gold, an orange-coloured patch of sky turning into golden colour because of the sun-rise.

P. 68. *importunate, pressing*. The fancy or idea that the place where he had slept was a sort of Nature's inn caught hold of his mind so powerfully that he could not help leaving some money (his bill) at the place for his imaginary inn-keeper.

churlish drover, peasant cattle dealer.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. In the two consecutive paragraphs beginning with *Night* is a dead monotonous period and *At that inaudible summons* (pp. 64 & 65) explain the following words and phrases: dead monotonous, temporal death, she turns and smiles, a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, like a cheerful watchman speeding over the course of night, break their fast, a new lair, lain down with the fowls, inaudible summons, rain down an influence, the deepest read in these arcana; this nightly resurrection, like the luxurious Montaigne, out of the Bastille of civilization.

2. (a) What truth had Stevenson re-discovered?
 (b) What was the silver ring he wore?
 (c) Why did he leave pieces of money on the turf as he went along?
3. Describe the beauty of the night.
4. Write a letter to a friend describing an excursion to the woods.
5. Show, by means of examples, the difference in the use of the following pairs of words :
 few, a few ; elder, older ; since, ago ; too, very ; each other, one another ; beside, besides ; by and by, by the bye ; late, lately ; hard, hardly ; latest, last ; among, between ; farther, further.

IX

THE DORMOUSE

P. 70. Dormouse, a small animal between mouse and squirrel, usually living on trees and feeding on nuts, etc. ; it is so called (dormouse = sleeping mouse) because it is very dull or inactive during winter.

the London Stock Exchange, the big London Association which deals in stocks and shares.

Crale, a public school of the type of Eton and Harrow, described in the novel, *Jeremy at Crale*.

P. 71. the splendours and ceremonies, the luxury and the stiff, formal manner which is commonly seen in very big houses. conceit or grandeur, vanity or stiff behaviour.

Oberon and Titania, King and Queen of the fairies in Shakespeare's *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

Down in Leicestershire, at the country-place of Morgan's father, in Leicestershire.

work-a-day, practical.

a beautiful . . . adventure, life being for Morgan a fine adventure, the departure for Crale was for him only a fine, but minor incident in it. (Interlude means a short interval between acts of a play.)

P. 72. Mr. and Mrs. Leeson, the Clergyman at Crale and his wife.

tipping his son liberally, giving his son a good amount of pocket money.

first faint chill of apprehension, first faint cold feeling of fear.

P. 73. *sycophancy, flattery.*

smutty, indecent, vulgar, filthy.

let out . . . fists, attacked furiously with his fists.

P. 74. *A little savagery, the cruelty of the senior students was not intentional. It was only an expression of the savage nature of man.*

it stiffens . . . anything, such treatment prepares students' minds for any type of hard life.

P. 75. *are more than temporarily bruised, continue to suffer mentally as well as physically.*

its catastrophes are eternal, the great tragedies which take place in the life of a child leave their mark permanently on its life and mind.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Why was Charles Morgan anxious to return to his Leicestershire home with the utmost possible speed?
2. Explain with reference to the context :
 - (a) It seemed no unlikely moment for Oberon and Titania to appear.
 - (b) He was the child of both his parents.
 - (c) This great merit in our public school system then—it stiffens your back for anything.
3. Write a short essay either on "Nicknames" or on "School Life".
4. Transform the following sentences as directed :
 - (a) I have not seen him for a year. (Use 'since'.)
 - (b) I saw him last on the New Year's day. (Use 'since'.)
 - (c) He is the cleverest boy in the class. (Use the positive and the comparative for the superlative.)
 - (d) For such a young boy he knows a good deal. (Use a clause for the italicised words.)
 - (e) He is so astute that I cannot catch him at all. (Use 'too' for 'so'.)
 - (f) I went out as soon as the sun rose. (Use 'no sooner than'.)
 - (g) But for me, he would have failed. (Change it into a complex sentence.)
 - (h) I hope that he maintains order. (Change it into a simple sentence.)

X

BIRDS AND THEIR ENEMIES

P. 77. *building site*, place for building the nest in the hedge. In describing the nest the writer is humorously using terms from house-building.

lichen, plant-like growth on tree-trunks and rocks.

lichen that . . . colour, the colour of lichen was different from that of the hedge; that is why the nest could be easily seen.

the positively . . . nest, the situation of the nest which could be clearly seen and which, therefore, appeared to be loudly calling people.

foray, attack, raid.

P. 78. *maternal solicitude*, motherly love and care.

that extreme measure, that unexpected action; John, being a good servant, would not stop work, unless really attracted by something unusual.

natural processes, viz., of the hatching of eggs, and the growth of the young birds.

oracle, a wise man; *depredators*, looters.

P. 79. *enormities of . . . boys*, extremely cruel actions of the hard-hearted village boys.

has its will of the mice, can have as many mice as she pleases.

The law of the survival of the fittest, Darwin's theory which states that in the struggle for existence only those who possess the greatest strength and the best qualities can live after others have died.

Mauser (Mowzer), a rifle, named after its maker.

When man opened . . . same time, a beautiful fancy. Man may be very merciful or kind-hearted; but many times in showing mercy, he cannot help feeling doubt and fear.

P. 80. *gregariousness*, living in company or groups.

Southey's ballad of Bishop Hatto, the English poet Southey's ballad which describes how a cruel bishop was eaten alive by thousands of rats.

the story . . . rat, Mr. Lucas is referring here to a story in which a rat, helplessly caught in a corner, furiously attacked its hunter.

P. 81. *an organisation of iron*, a body as strong as iron.

P. 82. *Persians of the Orient*, fine looking Persian cats with coats of soft fur.

to cause a stampede, to create fear and confusion.

P. 83. its flashing scut, shining part of its tail.

Man must . . . warrens, in the places (warrens) where rabbits live, a man would naturally be considered as a very wicked and heartless fellow.

grit, courage; dare-devil, recklessness

P. 84. the squirrel of the artist, the squirrel as it is usually drawn by artists in pictures.

Stevenson's verse, Stevenson's poem, *Whole Duty of Children*. voluble as fishwives, continuously talking in an angry manner, like fishwives.

powers of repartee, humorous description of the squirrel's continuously making noises to show disapproval. repartee = sharp reply.

P. 85. pedestrian, commonplace, dull and uninteresting. brilliant aeronaut, squirrel jumping and running here and there on the trees with extraordinary quickness compared to a flier in an aeroplane.

in brightest pin, in its gayest mood.

a bird . . . fluid, like a bird with more strength and energy.

a burlesque Hamlet, like a ridiculous Hamlet, who, after his father's death, went about sadly avoiding people.

reencounter, (or encounter) casual meeting.

P. 86. as though there . . . settle, according to Mr. Lucas, bats make a slight sound before leaving their holes, as if they are discussing as to which of them should leave first.

P. 87. the Spectator, a famous English weekly.

woodcut, an illustration taken from a wood engraving.

Brother Benignus, the character in Katherine Tynan's story-poem. The poem tells how the kind Abbot Benignus fed black-birds all the year round and they, in return, did not eat his cherries.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Explain :

to lie low ; positively clamorous visibility ; a foray ; before the tit had laid at all ; the odds are quite heavy ; the law

of the survival of the fittest; mobilisation; the story of the cornered rat; be hanged to them; life too hard a nut; a mongrel even before all the Persians of the Orient; how succulent the greenery; dare-devil; the squirrel's powers of repartee; a burlesque Hamlet; rencontre; the chain and winch; indict.

2. Express clearly the meaning of:

- (a) She asked me the most direct questions on the matter, and I had no answers, and now I am a dishonoured thing.
- (b) When man opened the door to let humanity in, he let in a host of doubts and misgivings at the same time.
- (c) So one might think; and yet the contrary is the fact, for the motive which leads to this excessive gregariousness is no aggression but fear.
- (d) The rat idea has a kindred hold on me, and has had ever since at school I first heard Southey's ballad of Bishop Hatto.
- (e) A personified sin might easily have been figured thus.
- (f) The position is, indeed, only one remove from saying grace, and reminds one of the child in Stevenson's verse who behaves "mannerly at table".
- (g) The lyrical swiftness of the squirrel partakes of the miraculous; and this combined with hisclusiveness,—though he is a thousand strong in the neighbouring wood,—makes him a creature apart.
- (h) The squirrel must be emboughed if he is to show in brightest-pin . . . ; in a tree, or in mid air between two trees, he is a miracle of joyous pulsating life, a bird with an additional infusion of nervous fluid, a poem in red fur.

3. What tragedies are mentioned in this essay?

4. Write some account of the common birds or beasts in your districts.

5. Turn into the direct speech:

Later, John, the old man, told the story . . . without success. (p. 78.)

XI

LINCOLN'S SPEECH

P. 88. *a new nation, conceived in liberty*, the birth of the United States of America, with George Washington as the first President in 1789. Her constitution provided complete freedom and equality to every American.

a final resting place, a burial ground, cemetery.
Consecrate, hallow, make holy.

P. 89. *the unfinished work, the fight for preserving the American Union and the liberation of slaves.*

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Reproduce this speech from memory.
2. What makes this speech a famous utterance?
3. Name and explain the figures of speech in:
 - (a) The magistrate in Anukul asked: "Have you any proofs?"
 - (b) An active figure leaped on Ghysbrecht from behind so swiftly, it was like a hawk swooping on a pigeon.
 - (c) Colour was beginning to awake now.
 - (d) The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones.
 - (e) Mr. Pickwick proceeded to put himself into his clothes, and his clothes into his portmanteau.
 - (f) All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely. Even as she takes her rest, she turns and smiles.
 - (g) In a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground.
4. Frame sentences to show idiomatic use of:
repair to, make for, be struck with, fix on, see to, see through, put off, put by, go through, take up, take to, take after, fall through, set off, set up.

XII

THE CZARINA'S VIOLET

P. 90. *St. Petersburg, the Capital of Russia, now called Leningrad.*

Prince Bismarck, a great German statesman of the last century. He was the maker of modern Germany.

P. 91. *the Lord Chamberlain, the officer who manages the royal household.*

each soldier . . . motions, each soldier presented arms, or gave him a full military salute.

their uniform . . . petunias, the colour of the uniform was not in harmony with the colour of the petunias, flowers of white,

purple or violet colour.

a level stretch of turf, a well-cut lawn.

P. 92. Finn, (Finnish) belonging to Finland; Court address, correct official manner of addressing people.

P. 93. *weighing on my mind*, troubling my mind.

P. 94. *a pretty-to-do*, a great excitement and activity.

pigeon holes, compartments for documents, etc.

dossiers, bundles of documents.

P. 95. *the deaf and dumb alphabet*, making signs on his fingers, to explain himself to the deaf Field Marshal.

a new factor . . . calculations, a new point in his calculations. The Field Marshal, not following what the Emperor wants, is making useless calculations.

P. 97. *a very pretty marriage-portion*, a good amount for a marriage dowry. The old woman, who knows the solution of the mystery, is sure to get the prize which she would present to the maid.

P. 98. *butts*, targets.

in the line of fire, almost in the way of the arrows which were being fired at the targets.

rising rapidly, getting rapid promotion.

P. 99. *red tape*, official routine, excessive use of formalities in official work.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Give the meanings of: "present", a pretty-to-do, dossiers, a very pretty marriage-portion, butts, happened on, court address, red tape.
2. Explain with reference to the context:
 - (a) The dust was terrific; it kept them sneezing all the while.
 - (b) Discipline was discipline in my days.
 - (c) Mercy on us, what forgetful heads we do wear in these days!
3. What do you learn from this story about Prince Bismarck?
4. What is irony? Give examples of it from this story.
5. Distinguish between: Corps, corpse; eminent, imminent; draught, drought; imperial, imperious; luxurious, luxuriant; principal, principle; contemptible, contemptuous; momentary, momentous; temporal, temporary; verbal, verbose.

XIII

CONFESSIONS OF A THUG

P. 100. inauguration, admission into the fold of Thuggism, initiation.

P. 101. *Bhowanee*, (*Bhavanee*), Kali, the patron Goddess of the thugs, probably because she was supposed to be the goddess of destruction. Even Muslim thugs worshipped her; only in taking their bloody oath at their inauguration, they took it on the Koran, as described in this passage. The Goddess *Bhowanee* of Shivaji and the Marathas is different from this *Bhowanee*.

votaries, devotees, worshippers; *vouehsafe*, be pleased to grant. *pickaxe*, the holy symbol was supposed to have come from one of Kali's teeth. Every gang of thugs carried one holy pickaxe, called *Khussee*.

a white handkerchief, this was supposed to have come from the hem of Kali's robe. Strangulation by a handkerchief was the usual method of the thugs.

P. 102. *particular sects*, described in the text were, luckily for them, safe from the thugs because these classes were believed to be outside the influence of Kali.

Dukhun, Deccan.

P. 104. *jaekass*, male ass.

inveiglers, those who entice people; *bunnea*, bania.

P. 105. in a violent . . . merchant, violently angry with the merchant who was trying to demand a very high price from him.

a *Persian Mootsuddee*, a Persian scholar or writer. The account says that he was a Hindu, named Brij Lal.

P. 106. *Lughaces*, Thugs chosen to bury the dead.

P. 107. "he will be . . . that," a sarcastic remark, meaning that he will be killed without much difficulty. The old thug has a grudge against the Mootsuddee who had caused the death of his father, also a thug.

P. 108. *put off his guard*, made not to suspect anything. *the prelude to the fatal ending*, a sort of introduction to the murder by strangling.

P. 109. *relation*, account.

quitted their fatal hold, loosed their hold of the handkerchief with which the murder was done.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What is known from Indian history of Thuggee and of its abolition?
2. Describe the initiation ceremony.
3. Give the meaning of: bleached, confided, votaries, vouchsafe, to deliberate upon, to consult the omens, averted, prospect, intelligence, by dint of, prelude, initiation.
4. Turn into the indirect speech, as reported by the speaker himself, the paragraph beginning *My son, thou hast taken.* (p. 102.)
5. Form:
 - (a) Nouns from: maintain, advise, occur, thief, heal.
 - (b) Adjectives from: mischief, picture, deceive, labour, toil.
 - (c) Verbs from: loss, grass, poor, rich, loose.
 - (d) Adverbs from: true, whole, holy, one, need.
 - (e) Diminutives from: cat, goose, lamb, hill, animal.

XIV

CROSSING THE DESERT

P. 110. *made the most of*, made the utmost use of.

Mysseri, Kinglake's personal attendant.

P. 111. *newly reared hills*, hills of sand which are being constantly made in a desert on account of gusts of wind.

taskmaster, one who imposes some hard duty.

veiled and shrouded, veiled with a silken cloth and covered with a big cloth, to protect the eyes from the glare of the burning sun and the mouth from sand.

You know . . . *sword*, though unable to look at the sun, you can guess where he is in the sky, by the touch of his burning rays on the body.

No words are spoken, the writer is repeating himself here, because he wants to emphasize the monotony of life and experience during a desert journey.

P. 112. *his power is all . . . roses*, the hot sun has now become mild and beautiful, and his burning light is changed into a lovely rose colour.

childish exultation in the self-sufficiency, childish or vain joy in his abilities in wandering thus alone.

he still remains . . . Kind, he is always bound by his ties with the rest of mankind. because man is, by nature, a social animal.

P. 113. oratories, places for private worship, small chapels. Kinglake means that though his tent was a very small one, it was crowded with all that a civilized man requires and that it served him for all purposes.

attaining this martyrdom, burning themselves on the taper.

P. 114 I feasted like a king . . . in the fourth form, though the food was not good, Kinglake looked upon it as delicacies served to a king, because it was difficult to get anything in the desert; again, as he was very hungry, he ate it as greedily and quickly as a hungry boy.

cheat, illusion.

P. 115. saline deposit, layers of salt.

as some . . . floods of light, like an uninhabited and forgotten planet that moves in the sky through the light without getting any benefit from it

P. 116. by occasioning . . . organs, by causing a great excitement in the ears and thus making them capable of hearing even a most distant sound.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

- What has the author to say about
 - the sun as a taskmaster in the desert,
 - his home in the desert,
 - the mirage,
 - the peal of the village church bells?
- Explain :
 - The redness of the flame has become the redness of roses.
 - Wherever a man wanders he still remains tethered by the chain that links him to his kind.
 - The little kettle with her odd, old-maidish looks, sat humming away old songs about England.
- Write an essay on "Hiking".
- Punctuate :

The sun growing fiercer and fiercer shone down more mightily now than ever on me he shone before and as I dropped my head under his fire and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me I slowly fell asleep for how

many minutes or moments I cannot tell but after a while I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells my native bells the innocent bells of Marlen that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills my first idea naturally was that I still remained fast under the power of a dream.

XV

MONEY-LENDERS

P. 118. *he would . . . life*, he would be freed from all anxieties about his livelihood.

Addison, Steele, two prominent English essayists of the 18th century.

laid it out on a drinking-party, spent the money on a party (for drinking wine) given to his friends.

fraud on my sentimentality, cheating me by appealing to my sentiment of mercy.

P. 119 "*Orkney . . . Standard*," the essayist gives the imaginary high-sounding name to the company of master-tailors and cutters. Orkney and Shetland are islands to the north of Scotland.

tube, underground railway; *Charing Cross*, a big London railway station.

a spacious story, a detailed pathetic story.

P. 120. *note of hand*, a promise in writing to pay the amount within a certain time; a bill. Such a note does not provide for any surety or for any guarantee or security.

devil-may-care philanthropy, charity which does not at all look to any other thing, reckless charity.

it would . . . a lamb, it would be unfair not to take the fullest advantage of the simple nature of the money-lender. The essayist is humorously frank in admitting that he himself, as a young man, was trying to be a borrower on easy terms.

outrageous proposals, hard and unacceptable conditions for lending money.

his change of front, his hard and business-like method as contrasted with the attractive manner of the advertisement.

P. 121. *behaving rather foolishly*, i.e., so as to contract debts swimmingly, smoothly.

shamrock, a plant with three leaves; so a four-leaved one is something unusual and would be a good mascot, i.e., something which brings good luck to the wearer.

P. 122. *Arnold Bennett*, a famous English writer, one of the most highly-paid.

Lord Carson, a famous barrister and politician, like *Lord Haldane*.

Bond Street, a London street well-known for its fashionable shops.

P. 123. *immunity from crime*, complete freedom from the desire or the temptation of committing any crime.

P. 124. *I should . . . a money-lender*, I would confidently say that the money-lender would ultimately succeed in his methods. *Lynd* is humorously exaggerating in emphasizing the dangers of borrowing from money-lenders.

combines the genius . . . a boa-constrictor, employs for his purpose both direct and indirect methods of attacking his victims. He attacks directly like a fierce bull-dog and indirectly like a *boa-constrictor*, a non-poisonous snake that kills by compression.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Give the substance of this essay.
2. Write a character-sketch of the Indian money-lender.
3. Explain the italicised words and phrases:

He would be a *made man* for life; with good jobs waiting for them; I should not like to *proceed* so far against men; it is our instinct to *put him off*; it should also be counted to the credit of the borrower; it had an air of generosity or *devil-may-care* philanthropy; it would be unfair to *shear* so obvious a lamb; I was so astounded by his change of front; his face was simply an *ill-shaven* sneer; rather disturbing to the *rosy optimism* of my youth; everything went *swimmingly*; whose bill I had *backed*; *bought back* my signature; combine the *genius* of a *bull-dog* with that of a *boa-constrictor*.

4. Parse the italicised words:

- (a) This is *no laughing* matter.
- (b) Weather permitting, I shall go home.
- (c) I *had better* remain here.
- (d) In the above passage, there are words a *foot* and a *half* long.
- (e) I am *half* inclined to serve him *no more*.

XVI

DISCIPLINE

P. 125. *heeding . . . in hand*, not caring for anything except the immediate duty.

P. 126. *in the hottest . . . river*, i.e., during the war with China, 1857-60.

the man . . . soundings, the sailor sitting in the chains (which are meant to widen the rigging supporting the mast) cries the depth of the river he is measuring.

the yards, cylindrical piece of wood, pointed towards the ends, meant to support the sail.

Nelson's signal, Nelson's famous sentence uttered just before his death, "England expects every man to do his duty."

until the day . . . her dead", i.e., until the Day of Judgement.

the Atalante, wrecked November 10, 1813.

P. 127. *Chronometer*, a time-measuring instrument, especially one with complete provision against disturbance in temperature, used for fixing longitude at sea, etc.

mizen-mast, aftermost mast of a three-mast ship.

P. 129. *stove in* (past tense of *stave*), had a hole in it.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Give the meanings of: *soundings*, *yards*, *pinnaee*, *cutler*, *schooner*, *transport*, *weather-gunwale*, *raft*, *chronometer*, *mizen-mast*, *quarter-master*, *gig*, *stove in*, *capsized*.
2. Write paragraphs on:
 - (a) "Every man for himself" is the most fatal of all policies.
 - (b) Nelson's signal is indeed true to the strongest instincts of the English sailor.
 - (c) Who treasures up the record, until the day when "the sea shall give up her dead!"
3. Write an essay on "Discipline".
4. Break the following sentences into clauses and state their relation to one another:
 - (a) What a wreck can be . . . object. (p. 125.)
 - (b) Where such conduct . . . English sailor. (p. 126.)
 - (c) The boats picked up . . . a dreadful state of exhaustion. (p. 130.)

XVII

"W. G."

P. 131. *anxious days*, i.e., of the last Great War.
a furious hunger, uncontrollable desire to get war news.

P. 132. *its heroic mind*, viz., to join the Allies.
trembling on the brink, hesitating to take a plunge, being
 unable to make up its mind which side to join.

Shank's mare, one's own legs, walking.

a big man with a black beard, "W. G."

playing truant ("playing wag"), staying away from class without permission.

P. 133. *the mark of the Mint*, coin, money.

portents, omens, marvellous occurrences.

"*for the wearing out of six fashions*", 'which is four terms, or two actions' as explained by Sir John Falstaff, a fat, witty, good-humoured old knight, in Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, Part II, Act V, Sc. I, for an indefinitely long time.

Jorkins, the author's friend.

Ulyett, Crossland, Key, Roller, English cricketers.

Bonner, an Australian player.

rattled Surrey out like ninepins, bowled out quickly one after another batsmen from the Surrey eleven, like pins bowled down in the game of ninepins.

P. 134. *pulled . . . fire*, saved the game, changed what seemed a defeat into a victory.

on the brink of bad temper, about to lose your temper.

W. B. Yeats or Francis Thompson, English poets. Thompson died in 1907 and Yeats in 1939.

Quaife, Scotton and Barlow, English cricketers who played a very cautious and consequently a very dull game, never taking chances or incurring risks.

Shrewsbury and Hayward, well-known cricketers.

faultily faultless, too icily regular, from Tennyson's *Maud*, Part I-II. They played so carefully, cautiously and uniformly that their game became dull and monotonous. Their perfection was overdone and carried to a fault.

Ranjitsinhji, (or Ranji) Prince, afterwards the Jam Sahib of

Nawanagar, played regularly for Sussex. He was probably the most popular, as he was certainly the most graceful, batsman of his day. Read his character-sketch by the author.

P. 135. Jove or Jupiter, king of the classical gods; Vulcan, the god of fire.

Olympus, a range of mountains in Greece. It was believed to be the abode of the classical gods.

When sanity . . . earth, i.e., at the conclusion of the war, in peace time.

Never again . . . rapture, an echo of lines from Browning's *Home Thoughts from Abroad*.

Herculean, massive, like that of Hercules, a mythical hero of prodigious strength.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Why is the author so fond of cricket and why was "W.G." so dear to him?
2. Explain with reference to the context :
 - (a) And even in the midst of world-shaking events it stirred me too.
 - (b) I never felt the indifference of Nature to the affairs of men so acutely.
 - (c) For he was the genial tyrant in a world that was all sunshine.
 - (d) He was like a generous roast of beef.
3. Write an obituary notice of any well-known Indian cricketer who is no more.
4. Write a brief account of your school eleven.
5. Exemplify the use of the following words as prepositions, adverbs and conjunctions :
after, but, since.

XVIII

KING'S TREASURES

P. 136. But, granting . . . , before coming to the importance of the friendship of books, Ruskin has discussed at the beginning of his lecture what people mean by "Advancement in life" and

suggested that the general chances of our happiness and usefulness in life will depend upon a happy choice of our friends.

P. 137. We cannot . . . *would*, we cannot know all those with whom we would like to associate or be friends.

All the . . . intelligence, all those who are endowed with uncommon intelligence.

Intrude a ten-minute's talk, force ourselves in the presence of a minister who is a very busy man and talk to him for a very short time.

so numerous and so gentle, made of hundreds of the best books of the world; it is very friendly, at the same time, without the self-importance of great men.

not to grant audience, but to gain it, not to give interviews to people (in the manner of great men) but to be approached and appreciated by readers.

Kings and statesmen . . . shelves, great writers patiently and quietly waiting in the form of their books in libraries.

apathy, indifference, want of interest.

P. 138. And when the screen . . . , Ruskin compares reading a good book carefully with a talk with some great man who is sitting behind a screen.

the studied . . . of men, i.e., good books which contain the experiences and wisdom of the wisest writers in well-chosen words.

this station . . . council, this honourable and dignified method of meeting and having an intimate talk with great writers.

rapid and ephemeral writings, 'books of the hour' as Ruskin calls them. They are rapidly produced and have no permanent value.

a distinction of species, a distinction between books of the same class, viz., good books. Ruskin does not at all consider bad books in his lecture. They scarcely deserve any mention.

P. 139. question, temporary problems.

"read", comes from an old English root, meaning to consider or discern.

P. 140. and is not, and has no lasting importance.

his inscription, or scripture, something which he considers as permanent and as valuable as a holy book.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What, according to Ruskin, is a book, and what are the books of the hour and the books of all time ?
2. Write an essay on "The Use and Abuse of Books".
3. Punctuate :

Suppose you never were to see their faces suppose you could be put behind a screen in the statesmans cabinet or the princes chamber would you not be glad to listen to their words though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen and when the screen is only a little less folded in two instead of four and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book and listen all day long not to the casual talk but to the studied determined chosen addresses of the wisest of men this station of audience and honourable privy council you despise.

4. Frame sentences to illustrate the right use of prepositions after the following words :—
sick, inferior, agree, caution, confide, compare, accused, prevail, abound, prior, repent, concur.

XIX

SODA-WATER

P. 141. *marble monument*, the marble counter of the soda-fountain.

misbranding, (misnomer) a name which has nothing to do with the meaning of the word.

a hang-over word, a word without any special significance, a deceptive word, e.g., *sardine*, a variety of fish; *bologna*, a kind of sausage.

P. 142. *a tingle-tangle taste*, a taste which causes a somewhat pricking or stinging sensation.

midge, a gnat-like insect.

sediment, matter or substance that settles down to the bottom of the glass.

P. 143. *life-reaction*, the chemical activity going on in the body throughout life.

P. 144. *Yankee ingenuity*, cleverness of the Americans.

re-invigorator, i.e., soda-water which refreshes the tired body.
a nickel, American five-cent piece of coin.

P. 145. a *syndicate*, a combination, a trust (words borrowed from commerce).

the *filmy* partition, their weak separate existence.

'Unto him . . . given', words of Jesus Christ, from the Bible. The meaning here is that as the smaller bubbles combine into a big one, they are given greater freedom to rise up, on account of the lessening of the gas pressure.

P. 146. they *part* . . . a pang, they simply refuse to take any notice of the law.

faucet, tap

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Of what is soda-water composed?
2. 'There are two laws regulating this matter'. What matter? Explain the two laws.
3. Give the meanings of: misbrandings, slaked, tingle-tangle, sediment, sedentary and strenuous, exhaling and inhaling, Yankee ingenuity, syndicate and trust, faucet, stale.
4. Explain.
 - (a) It is a hang-over word, like 'sardines' that never saw Sardinia and 'bologna' that does not come from Italy.
 - (b) Then the era of combination begins.
 - (c) 'Unto him that hath shall be given', is also a physical law.
5. Combine into one complex sentence:
 He rode on a fine horse. His father had given it to him. It was given on his birthday. He set out for Agra. Men accompanied him. They were old, faithful retainers. They acted as his bodyguard. He intended to see the Taj. He had never seen it.

XX

HOBBIES

P. 148. the *master key*, the sovereign remedy.

to *switch off* . . . interest, to forget or to shut out from the mind the main interests in one's life.

new . . . *ascendant*, new interests occupy the mind for the time being (an expression borrowed from astrology).

only *gently* . . . *grasp*, can gradually and gently introduce some

other matter (other than the subject of worry) in the mind which is terribly excited and refuses to think of anything else.

P. 149. *the old undue grip*, i.e., of anxiety or worry.

those who are bored to death, those very rich people who have no definite duties or interests in life and who therefore find life extremely dull. The three classes are manual labourers, brain-workers and the leisured class, described as *fortune's favoured children*.

P. 150. *an absorbing vocation*, a highly interesting profession, i.e., of ever enjoying life.

pride, even . . . *sadness*, even ordinary pride or feeling of self-importance is driven out of the mind through admiration and respect for the great writers and a feeling of sadness that we will never be able to study their works.

P. 151. *an agreeable . . . of resignation*, a fine feeling with which we have to accept the sad fact of our inability to read all books. *lighter vanities of life*, less difficult interests in life.

Make a voyage . . . seas, rapidly run through portions of books, to find out which books you can study, which are too difficult for you to understand, etc.

P. 152. *A later and second . . . contact*, in reading a book again at an advanced age, the mind may turn from it with disgust or dissatisfaction, on account of the false impression created during the first premature reading.

P. 153. To restore *psychic equilibrium*, to produce a sort of mental balance.

"Age cannot . . . variety", from Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

P. 154. *makes no undue demands*, does not require any great physical exertion.

keeps . . . steps, proves suitable even to very weak persons.

the envious eyes . . . Decrepitude, the approach of old age or the unfriendly coming of weakness due to old age.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What useful hints do you find in this essay about reading as a hobby?
2. What is a metaphor? Give as many examples as you can from this essay.

P 145 a *syndicate*, a combination, a trust (words borrowed from commerce).

the *filmy partition*, their weak separate existence.

'Unto him . . . given', words of Jesus Christ, from the Bible. The meaning here is that as the smaller bubbles combine into a big one, they are given greater freedom to rise up, on account of the lessening of the gas pressure.

P. 146. they part . . . a *pong*, they simply refuse to take any notice of the law.

faucet, tap

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HOBBIES

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new . . . *ascendant*, new interests occupy the mind for the time being (an expression borrowed from astrology).

only gently . . . *grasp*, can gradually and gently introduce some

3. Give the meanings of: lords of the ascendant, insinuate, improvised, aggravate, complacency, bitter sweets, sequence, hackneyed, psychic equilibrium, decrepitude.
4. Write explanatory paragraphs on:
 - (a) "Change is the master key".
 - (b) "The lighter vanities of life".
5. Write an essay on "My Favourite Hobby"

XXI

MODERN CIVILIZATION

P. 156. *anaesthetics*, any medicine, etc., which makes the body insensible to pain, e.g., chloroform, ether, etc.

P. 157. *they were like oases . . .*, these civilizations were the only bright and pleasant spots in the world which was full of barbarous people.

P. 161. *the League of Nations*, in spite of the praiseworthy aims of the League, it is sad to remember that it did not succeed in maintaining peace and order in Europe.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What are the *pre-requisites* of civilization?
2. What are the defects of modern civilization?
3. Develop, by means of paragraphs, the ideas embodied in:
 - (a) "For the first time the world is becoming a single place."
 - (b) "A time may come when they (the machines) will rule us altogether, just as we rule the animals."
 - (c) "With all this war material lying about, Europe was like a haystack waiting for its match."
4. Re-write the following sentences correctly:
 - (a) Neither he nor I are in the wrong.
 - (b) He availed of the opportunity to go out.
 - (c) Having arrived at the foot of the hill, the camp was pitched.
 - (d) One does feel foolish if he has lent money without due care.
 - (e) Though he has turned over a new page, I showed him the cold shoulder.

XXII

THE BISHOP'S CANDLESTICKS

P. 165. *the sign of the cross*, usually made with the hand or finger, as a means of conferring blessing or preserving from evil. *call out*, shout for help.

I'm too old . . . chaff, I am too experienced or shrewd a man to be deceived by such tricks. The convict believes that the Bishop is calling his sister to help him in catching him (the convict).

P. 166. *I have . . . entrails*, I have a terrible pain in my stomach on account of hunger.

ne'er-do-well, a good-for-nothing fellow.

P. 168. *That's a good one*, it is a good joke. The convict, with his bitter experience, can never believe that any person can have sympathy for thieves.

P. 169. *I'm a number*, during his long imprisonment he is known only by his prison number 15,729, and his name is practically forgotten.

in Hell, in imprisonment where the tortures are similar to those described in Hell.

prison hulks, prison ships, galleys where in olden times prisoners and slaves were employed to pull the oars. Their life on these ships was a living death.

P. 172. *chain mates*, prisoners bound by one long chain, so that nobody can escape or commit suicide.

about collaring the plunder, stealing the candlesticks. The convict believes that his prison companions would laugh at his conscience, because during their long imprisonment all feelings of goodness are deadened in them.

P. 174. *Holy Virgin*, an exclamation expressing great surprise. But the bishop severely reminds the sergeant that he is insulting Mary, Christ's Mother.

P. 175. *overwrought*, too much excited.

P. 177. *The Temple of the Living God*, words from Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you."

Prie-dieu, (pronounced Predyer) kneeling desk, chair with tall sloping back for use in prayer.

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